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LYRA DAVIDICA:

Given by Sir William & Dr. Calcott
July 9. 1800. —

OR,

A Collection of Divine SONGS and HYMNS,

Purchased at the sale of Dr. C's Library: PARTLY W. Leighton.

New Compoſed, partly Tranſlated from the *High-German*, and *Latin* HYMNS: And ſet to eaſy and pleaſant Tunes, for more General Uſe.

The Muſick Engrav'd on Copper Plates.

Iſa. XXIV. XVI, XIV, XV.

From the [*Wing*] *of the Earth we have heard Songs: Even Glory to the Righteous.—— They ſhall Sing for the Majeſty of the Lord; they ſhall Cry aloud from the Sea.—— Wherefore Glorify ye the Lord in the Iſles of the Sea.*

LONDON,

Printed for *J. Walſh*, Servant to Her Majeſty, at the *Harp and Hoboy* in *Katherine-Street*, near *Somerſet-Houſe* in the *Strand*: And *J. Hare*, Inſtrument-maker, at the *Golden Viol and Flute* in *Cornhill* near the *Royal-Exchange*: And *P. Randal*, at the *Violin and Lute* by *Pauls-grave Court*, without *Temple-Bar*. 1708.

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To the Worthy and Esteem'd

Mr. *WILLIAM PATERSEN*:

As *Approv'd* of Skill

In the Great or *Political* Harmony;
Like the *Theban* Artist,
Who Received his Lute from *Mercury*,
By the Musick of *Eloquence*, and Powerful
Perswasive, Charming the *Insensible*,
As Stones, into Regularity and *UNITY*;
This Concert of *Divine* Harmony,
As a Birth of *Kin*,
And under the same Constellation
With that more General Concent,
In which He has Perform'd so Exquisite a *Part*:
And as Acknowledgment of Favour
From *HIM*, and *HIS*;
With their Benign Influences on
Its Formation and Product;
Is Humbly
INSCRIB'D.

8 0060

The PREFACE.

AS there has been of late Years a great Revival of the Genius *of Muſick in General, and great Improvements of it in Divine Uſe; ſuch Numbers taught to Sing in the Country; and in the Education of Children, both a Care in their Governors, and a Propenſity in themſelves for the Exerciſe of Singing to the Praiſe of God: It has been thought ſomewhat New in this kind, that might be ſuited to all Capacities; and of a little freer Air than the grave Movement of the Pſalm Tunes, might be both ſeaſonable and acceptable; there being little or nothing advanc'd of this Nature among us, but what is quite thro ſet to Muſick, and ſo of leſs General Uſe.*

It is Obſervable, that in Germany, *where they have ſuch abundance of Divine Songs and Hymns, ſet to ſhort and pleaſant Tunes, and of more Airy Movement; the Peaſant at his Plow, the Servants at their Labour, the Children in the Street; and generally Perſons both at their Imploy, and in their Diverſions, make uſe of theſe for the Expreſſion of their Mirth; and have no ſuch Cuſtome as we unhappily labour under, of Ballads and Profane Songs; which tend ſo much to Vitiate the Minds of the Younger ſort, and Entertain the wicked Inclinations of others. And as it is found they generally have the Start of us both in Religion and Reformation, ſo if in this Point alſo we could follow them, it might be the Tranſplanting a* Flower *into our Soil, that would yield a grateful Savour both to God and Man.*

The Ground of this Work, was a Collection and Compoſition for Private Uſe; in which were two or three of the German *Hymns; to which others were recommended to be Added by ſome of that Nation, and Encouragement given of good Acceptance, if they were made Publick. The*

Editor has more of this kind by him, which if Providence so appoint may follow; and the Design be carried on to something Higher, for the Use of the greater Proficients both in Musick, and Religion.

That something more particular in point of Gratitude is yet needful to be Advanc'd, in a Nation that above all other has had the Experience of such surprising Favours and peculiar Blessings, I believe none will deny: And 'tis for the Excitement of this Spirit, and as a Mite of Thankful Oblation *to the Fountain of Mercies and Blessings, towards the appeasing his Indignation, and averting his Judgments, and for the Continuation of his Goodness to us, that this Design is Ultimately Intended. Let us above all others, Sing for the* Majesty *of the Lord, and let his Name be Glorified in This our* Isle. *And we shall find the Ascending Echo of Praise for* Mercies *Receiv'd, Return'd and Re-Echo'd from the Heavens, in* Mercies Multiply'd. *Yea, it will reflect Glory also upon* Us, *upon our QUEEN, and upon our Kingdom; from the Glory of* His *Presence, and the Smile of his Countenance,* Ev'n Glory to the Righteous. *So may the Glory of our Isle, and of our Kingdom Increase, in and from the Glory of* His *breaking forth among us, and* Shining *upon us.*

8 0C60

The

A TABLE

Of the HYMNS Contain'd in this BOOK.

ALL Praise to thee. An Evening Hymn. p. 2.
Awake my Soul. A Morning Hymn. p. 1.
Awake the Voice. Wacht auf! ruft uns. p. 73.
Can I cease my God. Solt ich meinen Gott. Commemoration of God's Mercies. p. 22.
Christ our Lord is Risen. Erstanden ist der. p. 12.
Come Holy Ghost. Kom Heiliger Geist. A Pentecostal Hymn. p. 51.
Gloria Patri. p. 72.
God is our Refuge. Ein feste burg. *Luther's* Hymn going to *Worms.* p. 75.
Hail my Soul's true Comforter. Salve Cordis Gaudium. p. 29.
How fairly Shines. Wie schon leuchtet. p. 40.
How long sweet Lord. p. 33.
How sweet the Angel Trumpets. A Sacramental Hymn. p. 8.
Jesus Christ is Risen to Day. A Resurrection. Hymn. p. 11.
Jesus my Loving Spouse. p. 62.
Jesus my Memory's sweet. Jesu dulcis memoria. St. *Bernard's* Jubile. p. 14.
In this Worlds Inn. For the Sabbath. p. 66.
Let Jubil Trumpets. In dulci Jubilo. On the Birth of Christ. p. 7.
Lord now my Sleep. A Midnight Hymn. p. 4.
My *Soul and All.* Praise for the Divine Goodness. p. 35.
O all ye Works of God. p. 18.
O my Soul with. Mache dich mine. For Spiritual Watchfulness. p. 53

A TABLE.

O Sacred Peace. p. 31.
Our Good and Universal. Lord's Prayer Paraphras'd. p. 20.
Rise O my Soul. An Aspiration. p. 38.
Sacred Flames of Love Divine. p. 26.
Sing to the Lord. p. 49.
Sweet Jesus who. *Mein Hertzens Jesu.* Of the Excellence of Christ. p. 44.
Temptations Lord beset. Meditation for Noon. p. 56.
That Glory may. p. 77.
Thy Servants Lord. p. 58.
The UNION *Hymn.* p. *ult.*

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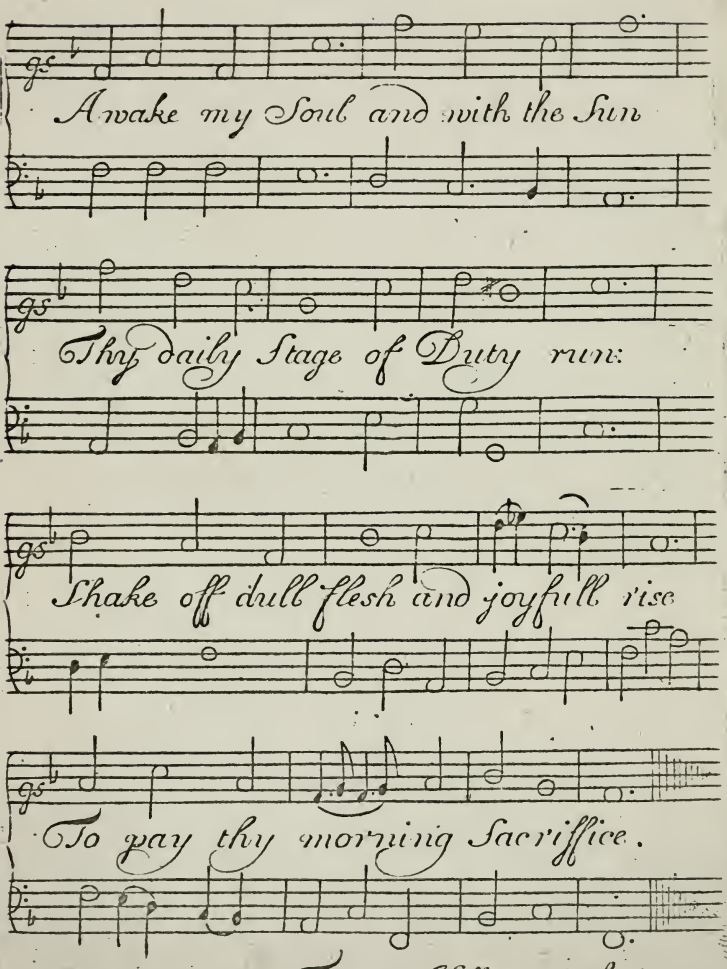
A Mor-

A morning Hymn.



Francis: Hoffman Sculpsit.

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A MORNING HYMN

1.

AWake my Soul, live this day o're,
As if thou wert to live no more.
Lord, I my Vowes to thee renew;
Diſpel my Sins as Morning Dew.

2.

Awake my Soul, on God reflect,
Whoſe Eyes all day thy ways inſpect.
Lord, Guard me leaſt I ſhould Tranſgreſs,
Lord, all my motions Guide and Bleſs.

4.

Awake my Soul as Noon-tide Clear,
Let thy Integrity appear.
Return all Heavens benigneſt rays,
In ardent Love, and Sprightly Praiſe.

5.

Awake my Strings, Tune to my Heart,
And with the Angels bear your part;
Who all Night long Unwearied Sing,
All Glory to th' Eternal King.

6.

I Wake, I Wake, ye Heavenly Quire,
May your Devotion me Inſpire:
That I like you my Age may ſpend;
Like you may on my God attend.

7.

May I like you in God delight;
And always have my God in ſight;
Perform (like you) my Makers will;
And never never more do ill.

8.

Had I your Wings to Heaven I'd flie,
But Love ſhall that defect ſupply;
And my Soul Wing'd with warm deſire,
Shall all day long to Heav'n aſpire.

9.

Glory to thee who ſafe haſt kept,
And haſt refreſht me whilſt I'ſlept.
Grant Lord, when I from Death awake,
I may of Endleſs Life partake.

10.

I would not wake, nor riſe again;
Ev'n Heaven it ſelf I would diſdain;
Wert thou not there to be Enjoy'd,
And I in Hymns to be Imploy'd.

11.

Heav'n is, dear Lord, where e're thou art,
Oh! never then from me depart,
For to my Soul 'tis Hell to be,
But one ſad moment without Thee.

12.

Glory to Thee; be thou this Day,
In all I think, or do, or ſay.
That all my Powers their force may raiſe,
And all Day long recite thy Praiſe.

An Evening HYMN.

To the ſame Tune.

1.

ALL Praiſe to thee (my God) this Night,
For all the Bleſſings of the Light.
Keep me, Oh keep me, King of Kings,
Under thine own Almighty Wings.

2.

Forgive me Lord for thy dear Son,
The Ill that I this day have done,
That with the World, my ſelf, and thee
I e're I Sleep at Peace may be.

3.

Teach me to Live, that I may dread,
The Grave as little as my Bed.
Teach me to Die, that ſo I may,
Triumphing Riſe at the laſt Day.

4.

Oh let my Soul in thee repoſe,
And with ſweet Sleep mine Eye-Lids cloſe.
Such Sleep as may more Vigorous make,
To Praiſe my God when I awake.

5.

When on my Bed I Senſeleſs lie,
My Soul with Heavenly thoughts ſupply.
Let no Ill Dreams diſturb my Reſt;
No Powers of Darkneſs me moleſt.

6.

Dull Sleep does me of Life deprive;
I am but half my days alive.
Oh my dear Lord, how am I griev'd,
To lie ſo long of thee bereav'd.

7.

But though Sleep, o'er my Frailty Reigns,
Let it not hold me long in Chains;
But now and then let looſe my Heart,
Till it an *Hallelujah* Dart.

8.

The faſter Sleep the Sence does bind,
The more unfetter'd is the Mind:
Oh! May my Soul from matter free,
Thy unvail'd Goodneſs Waking ſee.

9.

O when ſhall I in Endleſs Day,
For ever chaſe dark Sleep away?

And endleſs Praiſe, with Heavenly Choir,
Inceſſant Sing and never tire.

10.

Oh! May my Guardian whilſt I ſleep,
Cloſe by my Bed his Vigils keep;
And in my ſtead all the Night long,
Pay to my God a grateful Song.

A Mid-Night HYMN.

To the ſame Tune.

1.

LOrd now my Sleep doth me forſake,
The ſole Poſſeſſion of me take:
Let no Suggeſtion me illude;
No one polluted Thought intrude.

2.

Bleſt Angels, whilſt we ſilent lie,
Your Hallelujahs Sing on High.
You, ever Wakeful near the Throne,
Proſtrate Adore, the Three in One.

3.

I, now Awake, with you do joyn,
To praiſe my God with Hymns Divine:
With you in Heaven I hope to dwell;
And bid the World and Night farewel.

4.

When I, O Lord, ſhake off this Duſt,
My Soul to Thee I will intruſt:
Oh make me thy peculiar Care,
Some Heavenly Manſion me prepare.

5.

Give me a Place at thy Saints Feet,
Or ſome Fall'n Angel's vacant Seat:
I'll ſtrive to Sing as loud as they
Who ſit Above in brighter Day.

6. O

6.

Oh! May I allways ready ſtand,
My Lamp ſtill burning in my Hand.
May I in ſight of Heav'n rejoyce,
When ere I hear the Bridegroom's Voice.

7.

Glory to thee with Light array'd,
Who Light thy Dwelling Place haſt made.
An Immenſe Orb of brighteſt Beams,
From thine all Glorious Godhead ſtreams.

8.

The Sun in its Meridian Light,
Is very Darkneſs in thy Sight.
My Soul Enlighten, and Inflame
With Thoughts, and Love of thy Great Name.

9.

Oh! *Jeſu*, thou on Heav'n intent,
Whole Nights haſt in Devotion ſpent:
But I, frail Creature quickly tire,
And all my Zeal doth ſoon expire.

10.

My Soul, why doſt thou weary grow,
Of Antedating Heaven below?
Of that dear Praiſe, and Joy, and Love,
Which ſhall Eternal be Above?

11.

New Vigour Lord to me impart;
Freſh Ardours breath into my Heart,
Wake all my Powers, wake every String,
Whilſt to my God, my Lauds I Sing.

12.

Lord, leaſt the Tempter me ſurpriſe,
Keep over me thy Watchful Eyes:
Guard me a Sleep or Wake from Ill,
(a) And firſt and laſt my Spirit fill.

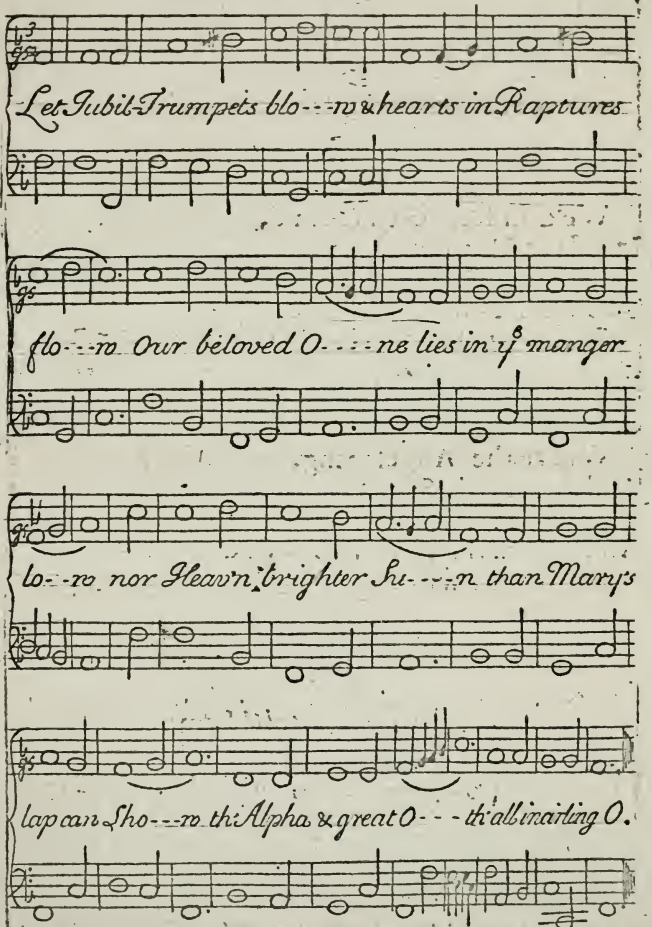
(a) *Let my Day begin and End with Thee, who art the Beginning and the End of all.*

The Doxology to the Three foregoing Hymns.

Praise God, from whom all Blessings flow,
Praise him all Creatures here Below.
Praise him Above y'Angelick Host;
The Father, Son, and Holy-Ghost.

On

On the birth of Christ.
In dulci Jubilo.



1.

O Charming Infancy,
My Heart it pants for thee:
Chear my anxious Mind,
Look, look sweet Babe on me,
With all thy Graces kind;
O Princely Majesty,
Draw me after thee, [draw me, &c.]

3.

O Love oth' Father dear,
More meekly Shining here:
We'd in Hell been chain'd,
Incessant Flames to bear:
But he for us Regain'd
The Glories of the Sphere.
O were we but there. [O were we, &c.]

4.

O Joy where art thou found?
On *Paradisial* Ground;
Where the Angels Sing,
And *Hallalujahs* Sound.
Where the Cymbals ring;
And where the King is Crown'd.
There may we be found. [There may, &c.]

Commemoration of Christ's Death.

A *Sacramental* Hymn.

To the Tune of, Sweet Jesu, who my Wish Fulfils.

1.

HOW sweet the Angel-Trumpets sound,
With Heaven's kind Invitation,
That call the Altar to surround
In *Paschal* Celebration:

Our

Our Father has us Wellcome bid,
Upon the *Holy Lamb* to feed,
With blest Solemnization.

3.

O Sacred Viands here prepar'd
For our Divine repasting!
O Sacred Gate, for us unbarr'd
To Pleasures Everlasting!
Jesus is *Manna*, Bread Divine.
Jesus is Oyl, is Milk and Wine,
And Honey to our Tasting.

3.

Who would not, Lord, Remember Thee,
On all such Blest Occasions?
O can thy Cross e'er buried be
In Worldly Occupations?
O Tree so dry, such Fruit to bring
As ne'er in Paradise did spring,
For Healing of the Nations.

4.

O Love, that makes such Joys to spring
In such deep Scenes of Mourning!
The Cross, the Spear, the Deadly Sting
To Healthful Uses turning.
Death's Servant made, to break the Bread;
And Pierce the Font of Wine so Red,
With Flames Celestial burning.

5.

Into what Mysteries must we dive,
In this Divine Refection?
We Live to Die, we Die to Live,
In Blissful Resurrection.
Dear Lord, who would not Die with thee,
In Death the New-Births *Gate* to see;
And Inlet to Perfection.

6.

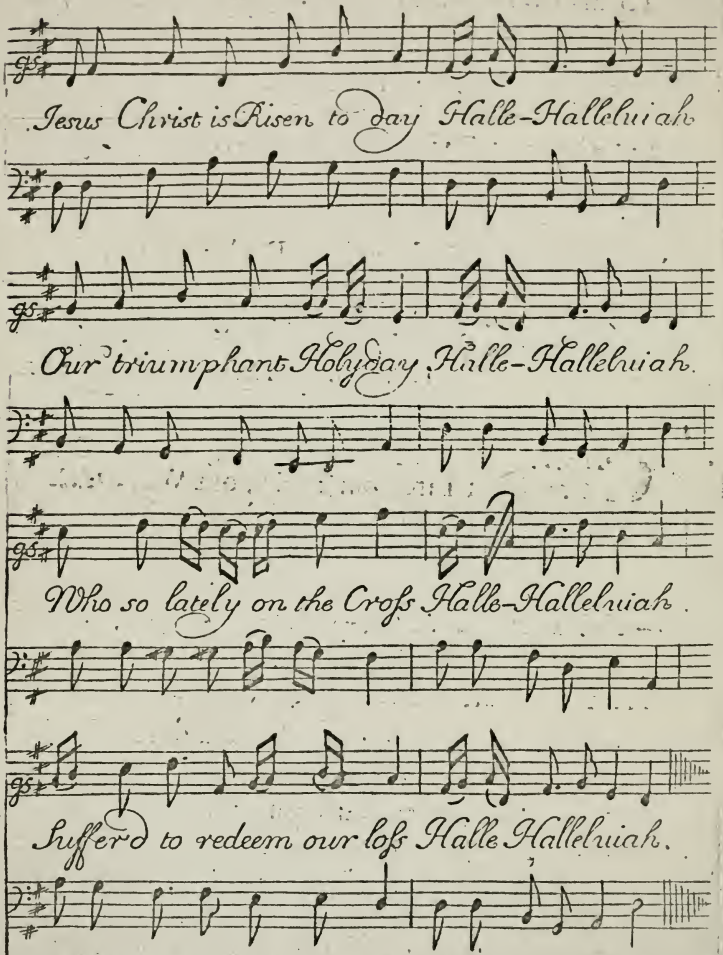
O Lord extend thy Charity
To thy poor Flock disjoynted;
Restore thy Churches Unity,
As when 'twas first Appointed.
O let us Live in Love with Thee,
And in Fraternal Amity,
With Oyl of Grace Anointed.

7.

To God the *Father*, Fund of Grace,
His Expres's Image sending;
The *Son*, the Brightnes's of his Face,
The Veil of Darknes's rending;
And to the *Spirit* be Glory, Pow'r,
And Kingdom; now, as was before,
And shall be never Ending.

The

The Resurrection.



FH Sculpsit

2.

HAſt ye Females from your Fright, *Hall.* &c.
Take to *Galile* your Flight: *Hall.*
To his ſad Diſciples ſay, *Hall.*
Jeſus Chriſt is Riſen to Day. *Hall.*

3.

In our *Paſchal* Joy and Feaſt. *Hall.*
Let the Lord of Life be bleſt, *Hall.*
Let the Holy Trine be prais'd, *Hall.*
And thankful Hearts to Heaven be rais'd. *Hall.*

A *Reſurrection* Dialogue.

Erſtanden iſt der Heilige Chriſt.

To the ſame Tune.

1.

CHriſt our Lord is Riſen to Day; *Hall.* &c.
Chriſt our Life, our Light, our Way, *Hall.*
Th' Object of our Love and Faith; *Hall.*
Who but dy'd to Conquer Death. *Hall.*

2.

Th' Holy Matrons early come, *Hall.*
To Bedew their Savior's Tomb; *Hall.*
Jeſus ſeek among the Dead, *Hall.*
Far from thoſe Dark Regions fled. *Hall.*

3.

Two bright Angels, that appear, *Hall.*
Thus Salute 'em; He's not here. *Hall.*
Baniſh Sorrow, Shout and Sing, *Hall.*
Welcome to your Riſen King. *Hall.*

4.

Mary. Beauteous Angels, ſay what place, *Hall.*
Does his charming Preſence Grace? *Hall.*
Dries my Eyes; then bid Rejoyce: *Hall.*
Then to Praiſe I'll tune my Voice. *Hall.*

5. An-

5.

Angel. First the Sacred Place behold, *Hall.*
Did your Breathless Lord infold. *Hall.*
See the Cloath which bound his Head, *Hall.*
Proves he's Risen from the Dead. *Hall.*

6.

Mary. True 'tis so: The empty Urn, *Hall.*
Shall my Grief to Transports turn. *Hall.*
He's not here: O tell me where; *Hall.*
His blest Residence declare. *Hall.*

7.

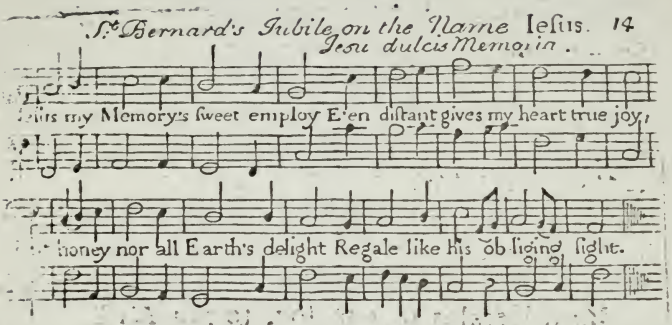
Angel. Hast in Faith prepare to see, *Hall.*
Your lov'd Lord in *Galile*, *Hall.*
Blest let his Disciples be, *Hall.*
With your Sacred Embassy. *Hall.*

9.

Mary. Heralds of our Joy, to you *Hall.*
Grateful Thanks and Love is due. *Hall.*
While our God in Praises high. *Hall.*
We together Magnify. *Hall.*

10.

Chorus. The Cross is past, the Crown is won; *Hall.*
Th' Ransom paid, and Death's Sting gone. *Hall.*
Let us Feast, and Sing, and Say, *Hall.*
Christ and *We* have *Life* to Day. *Hall.*



2.

THere's Nothing can be ſung, more ſweet;
Nothing the Ears more pleaſant greet;
Nothing be ſweeter thought upon,
Than *Jeſus*, God's beloved Son.

3.

Jeſus, the Penitents Good Hope;
Jeſus, the Suppliant's Aim and Scope;
To thoſe that do but ſeek, how kind?
But what, O what to thoſe that find!

4.

Jeſus, of Hearts the ſweet Delight;
The Fountain of their Life and Light.

Joy,

Joy, that all other Joy tranſcends,
And ev'n beyond Deſire extends.

5.

Our ſtammering Tongues can never tell;
Letters and Words but vainly ſwell;
Th' Experienc'd can believe alone
What 'tis to Love God's only *Son*.

6.

Jeſus I ſeek when on my Bed;
The World ſhut out of Heart and Head,
Private or Publick, when I move,
Jeſus I'll ſeek with eager Love.

7.

I'll run with *Mary* by Day-break,
My *Jeſus* in the Tomb I'll ſeek,
With my Heart's Love-complaint and cry;
With Heart I'll ſeek and not with Eye.

8.

My Tears ſhall on his Tomb diſtill,
My Sighs and Groans the Concave fill.
I'll throw me at his Foot of Grace,
And there hold faſt with ſtrict Embrace.

9.

Jeſu! Of Kings the wondrous King,
Ore Death and Hell thy Triumphs ring:
Sweetneſs of Grace Inaffable;
All Love, all o'er Deſirable.

10.

Abide with us, and ever Lord,
Illumination true afford:
Then ſhall we this vain World deſpiſe;
And Heavenly Love Victorious riſe.

11.

Thy Grace Exuberant's underſtood,
By Characters of thy own Blood:
Where dying Love, and clouded Light,
Reſtore us Life, and God's dear Sight.

12. Then

12.

Then let all *Jesus* seek, and burn
With Heavenly Love, in Loves return:
The Savour of his Ointments drawing,
And his All-Clement Sceptre Awing.

13.

Ah! me, sweet *Jesu*, let me prove
The force of thy Exstatick Love.
Whose longing Eyes are waiting Thee
Inthron'd in Glory high to see.

14.

Tho Worthily I cannot Name Thee,
I cannot chuse yet but proclaim Thee.
For boyling Love oft makes us bold,
Breaks way and runs like Molten Gold.

15.

Thy Love, thy Self, O *Jesu* blest,
Is our true Food, and Heavenly Feast.
Where Appetites nor cloy nor tire;
But fill'd of Thee have fresh Desire.

16.

Thou art when sounding in our Ears
The Musick of the Heavenly Spheres:
Th' Mouth Heaven's Virgin Honey art,
And Heavenly *Nectar* in the Heart.

17.

Ah! blest'd expert of Joys Divine,
Inebriate with the Kingdoms Wine.
So Rapt their *Jesus* to admire,
That of all else they've lost Desire.

18.

My Soul each Moment thee requires,
To ease my Languors, quench my Fires:
And still what Transport when I find,
And Thee in warm Embraces bind!

19.

Now, now I see what I Admire,
My Arms Inlock my Lifes Desire.

I'm held i'th † *Galleries* of Love, † CANT. 7. 5.
Intranc'd in Flames like Theirs above.

20.

'Tis *Paradisial* Love Descends
Heavens Flame through all my Vitals sends;
Pierces the Centre of my Soul,
And Reigns in Joy without Controul.

21.

O blessed Conflagration dear,
Of Hearts Conjunction in Love's Sphear!
O cool Refreshment sweet, in one,
To Love, and Love God's only Son!

22.

Fair Virgin Flower, of Virgin Bed,
With Lilly White, and Rosie Red,
Grow in my Heart; then Praise shall rise
Heav'ns best Perfume and Sacrifice.

23.

Jesu, than Sun more charming calm;
More Odorous than *Gileads Balm*;
Sweet to my Tast all Sweets above;
To my Eye lovelieſt of all Love.

24.

Thou art my Souls Supreme Delight;
Consummate Loves Meridian Height:
My Conquest, Glory, Jubile;
Salvation Universally.

25.

O come enlarge thy Triumphs here,
JEHOVAH's Right-hand, Consort dear,
And all thy Enemies trod down,
Come sway thy Sceptre, wear thy Crown.

26.

All Powerful King, All Glorious;
Ore Death and Hell Victorious;
The Fountain whence all Graces rise,
And the Sun-Flower of Paradise.

27.

Ye Orders bright of Heavenly Powers,
Lift up the Everlasting Doors:
To the Triumphant Conqueror Sing,
Hail, *Jesu*, of all Kings the *King*.

28.

Thee all th' Angelick Quires Proclaim;
And Shout in thy Imperial Name:
Who Reigns in Peace surpassing Sense;
And bids Loves *Sabbath* now Commence.

29.

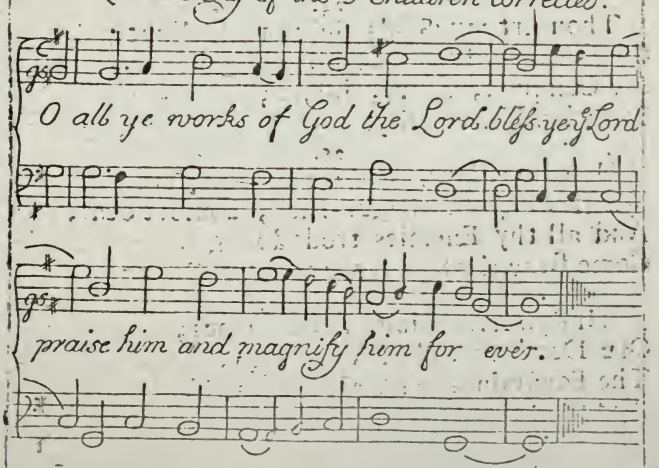
Jesus Ascends his Father's Throne,
The Godhead Love-Pavilion.
And after him my Heart shall fly;
Christ live in Me and no more I.

30.

O let us all Resound his Praise;
Our Cries and Vows incessant raise,
That he may us the Favour design
In this blest Throne with him to *Reign*.

18

The Song of the 3 Children corrected.

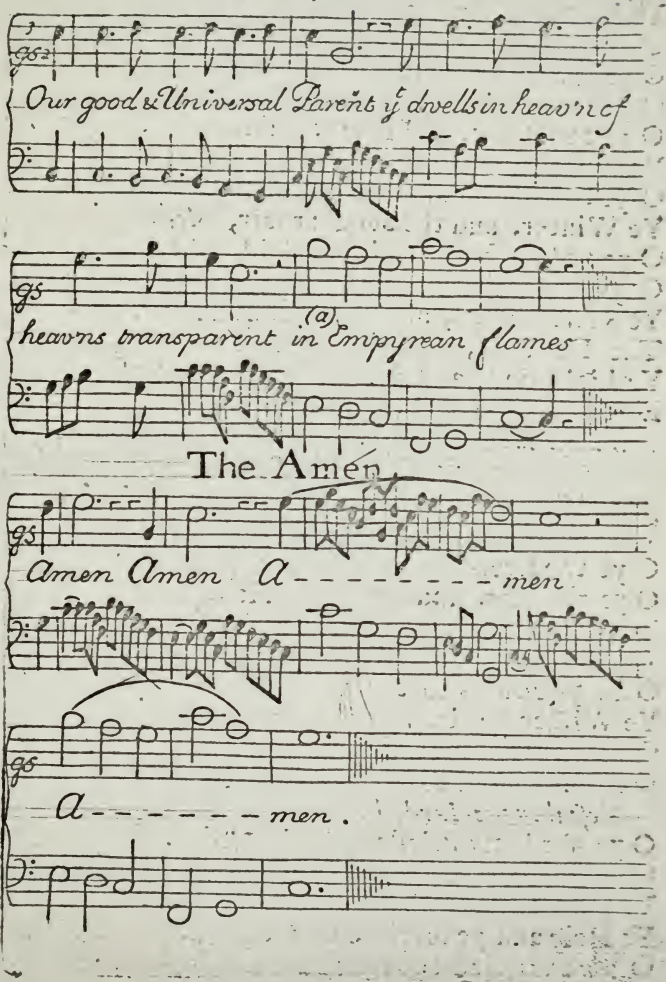


O All ye Angels of the Lord,
Bless ye the Lord, Praise, &c.
O ye the Starry Heavens so high, *Bless.*
Ye Waters clear above the Sky, *Bless.*
O all ye Powers of God the Lord, *Bless.*
O ye the radiant Sun, and Moon, *Bless.*
O ye the glistering Stars of Heaven, *Bless.*
O ye the Rains, and Pearly Dews, *Bless.*
Ye stormy Winds, and whispering Gales, *Bless.*
O ye the Fire, and fervent Heat, *Bless.*
Ye Winter, and the Summer fair, *Bless.*
O ye the Frost, and chilling Cold, *Bless.*
O ye congealed Ice and Snow, *Bless.*
Ye Sable Nights, and Sun-bright Days, *Bless.*
The Darkness, and Light cheering Rays, *Bless.*
Ye Lightning, and destilling Clouds, *Bless.*
Earths spacious Globe, Bless thou the Lord,
O Bless the Lord, &c.

PART Second.

O All ye Mountains, and ye Hills, *Bless,* &c.
O all ye flowring Greens on Earth, *Bless.*
O ye the Ever-springing Wells, *Bless.*
O ye the Seas, and streaming Floods, *Bless.*
Ye Whales that on the Surges ride, *Bless.*
And all that in the Waters glide, *Bless.*
O all ye Fowles that Wing the Air, *Bless.*
Ye Wilder Beasts, and Gentler Folds, *Bless.*
O ye the Children of Mankind, *Bless.*
O *Israel* loudest Bless the Lord,
Bless thou the Lord, &c.
O ye the Holy Priests of God, *Bless.*
O ye the Servants of the Lord, *Bless.*
Ye Spirits and Souls of Righteous Men, *Bless.*
Ye Holy and ye meek of Heart, *Bless.*
O *Ananias* Bless the Lord, *Bless thou the Lord,* &c.
O *Azarias* Bless the Lord, *Bless.*
And *Misael* Bless thou the Lord, *O Bless the,* &c.

The Lord's Prayer paraphras'd.



2.

BE Glorified in thy Creation ;
In ev'ry Tongue, in ev'ry Nation,
Resounding thy blest Name.

3.

Send us the *(b)* Day Star of the Morning ;
And thy Triumphant Spouse Adorning,
Thy Glorious Kingdom come.

4.

No more our Wills, no more our Passions ;
No more our Lusts, nor our fond Fashions.
Thy only Will be done.

5.

As Heavenly Powers to us conveying,
So all the Powers on Earth obeying
Thy Sovereign Word alone.

6.

With daily Food in Strength Renew us ;
And with thy Heavenly Grace bedew us,
The Bread by which we Live.

7.

And of thy own Free Grace Relieve us ;
Our Trespasses and Sins forgive us ;
As others we Forgive.

8.

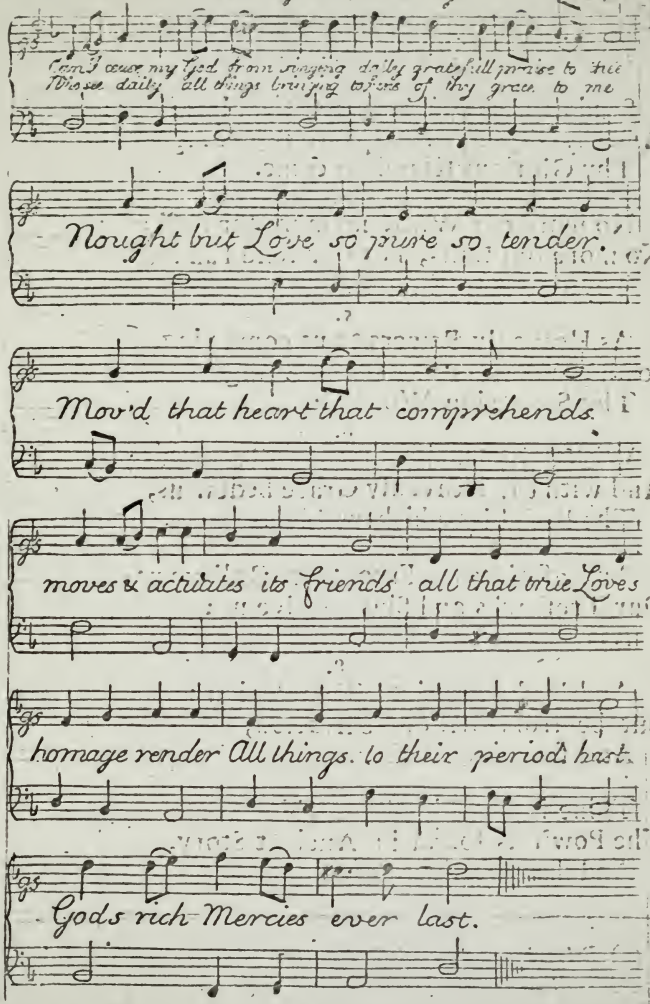
And lead us not into Temptation :
But be from Evil our Salvation,
And from its Author.

9.

Thine is the Kingdom, thine the Glory,
The Pow'r as found in Ancient Story,
And shall be Evermore.

(a) *Belonging to the Highest Heaven.*
(b) *The Spirit for Preparation of the Kingdom.*

Ich kan meinen Gott nicht Singen.



2.

As the Eagles Wings expanding
Foster and Protect her Young;
So thy Arm all Power commanding,
Keeps me safe in Dangers Throng.
Ev'n at first when Life thou gave me,
Mercy reach'd me in the Womb;
And till drop'd into my Tomb,
Kindly will Conduct and Save me:
All things to their Period hast;
God's Rich Mercies ever last.

3.

His Dear Son's not so Beloved
But he gave him up for me,
That from Paths of Death removed
I to Life Restored might be.
O in depth Abyssal Fountain!
How shall my weak Spirit stretch,
Thy unmeasur'd Bounds to reach?
O for Height Eternal Mountain!
All things to.

4.

His Good Spirit, Guide supernal,
Through his Word to me is given,
Me to lead from Things External
To the Pearly Gates of Heav'n.
This sweet Dove with Splendor glorious
Fills my Heart, the Light of Faith,
Captivating Powers of Death.
Over World and Hell Victorious.
All things to.

5.

Intellectual Health abounding,
Health and Wealth provided are;
Or *Corporeal* Ills surrounding,
Still appears his Pious Care.

When my Strength and Pow'r decreaſes,
Or is quite to Nothing come.
Then my Father calls me home,
And himſelf to Aid me pleaſes.
All things to.

6.

Th' Heav'n and Earth and all their Treaſure,
Made he for my Benefit:
Ev'ry Space my Eye can meaſure
Yields me Profit or Delight.
Beaſts, and Herbs, and Fruitful Earing,
In the Bottoms, on the Hills,
What the Air, or Ocean fills;
Ev'ry where my Food appearing.
All things to.

7.

In Sleep, Death's Preludious warning,
He my Fainting Life ſupplys.
Grace and Mercy ev'ry Morning
Conſtant as the Sun ariſe.
I in this Worlds Errant-Mazes,
Dangerous Gulfs, and Rocks unſeen,
Loſt and overwhelm'd had been,
But for thy Indulgent Graces.
All things to.

8.

O how many ſad Afflictions,
Rais'd up by the Enemy,
Providential Reſtrictions
Have with-held from hurting me?
The Mid-night and Noon-day Evil
Fly before th' Angelick Band,
That around me Guardians ſtand:
Michael ſtill Controuls the Devil.
All things to.

9. Ev'n

9.

Ev'n his Tryals and his Croſſes,
Tho' at firſt they bitter be,
Are inſtead of Hurt or Loſſes
Signs of *Birth-Legitimacy.*
Evidencing God my Father
Who me Loves now thinks on me;
From the Worlds Captivity
By the Croſs t'himſelf to gather.
All things to.

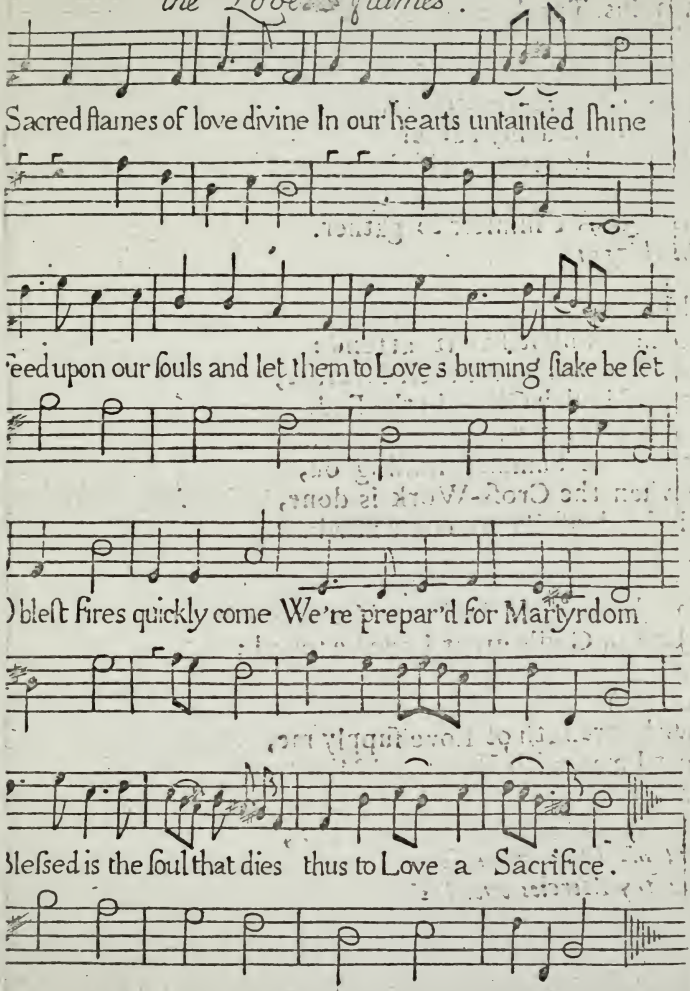
10.

This I know my Father's Pleaſure;
And its bleſt Event attend:
Chriſtian Croſſes have their Meaſure,
Crown'd with Glory in the End.
When the Winter has done Snowing,
Comes the Summer ſmiling on,
So when the Croſs-Work is done,
Joys inſtead of Tears come flowing.
All things to.

11.

Now becauſe no End or Meaſure
Can in God's great Love be found;
Grant, O Lord, of thy good Pleaſure,
To it I may ſet no Bound.
But with Strength of Love ſupply me,
That I may with Heart and Might
Thee Embrace both Day and Night;
Till this Life ſhall Breath deny me;
And my Love when Time is ceaſt,
Like thy Mercies ever laſt.

Mar-


Sacred flames of love divine In our hearts untainted shine
Feed upon our souls and let them to Love's burning stake be set
O blest fires quickly come We're prepar'd for Martyrdom
Blessed is the soul that dies thus to Love a Sacrifice.

2.

BLeſſed *Jeſus* from thine Eye,
Thoſe thrice Sacred Flames did fly,
Which now burn without controul
As on the Tinder of our Soul.
Bleſſed Fires, O conſume
What's prepar'd for Martyrdom.
Bleſſed as the Soul that dies,
Thus to Love a Sacrifice.

3.

The Etherial Flames that are
Couched in the Welkin Fair;
Thoſe that crown the radiant Sun;
And thoſe that beautify the Moon,
Are leſs fair than thoſe that come
Thus to Crown our Martyrdom.
Bleſſed is the Soul that dies
Loves unſpotted Sacrifice.

4.

O how raging, yet how ſweet
Are thoſe Sacred Fires, which greet
Our dry Souls with flaming Kiſſes,
Pains diſpenſing with our Bliſſes.
But ſuch Pains we wiſh to come,
That bring us Crowns of Martyrdom.
Bleſſed is the Soul that dies
Thus to Love a Sacrifice.

5.

O our Souls are all on Fire,
We conſume in our Deſire.
We Deſire what we Poſſeſs:
Water's but our Fires Increaſe:
Thoſe bright Fires which are come
To crown our Souls with Martyrdom.
Happy is the Soul that dies
Loves All-willing-Sacrifice.

6.

O what lingring Death is this,
Bliſs inviting unto bliſs.
By thoſe Taſts of Love are we
But more Enamour'd of the Sea
Of Abyſſal Love, whence come
The Flames that crown our Martyrdom.
Happy is the Soul that dies
Thus Loves daily Sacrifice.

7.

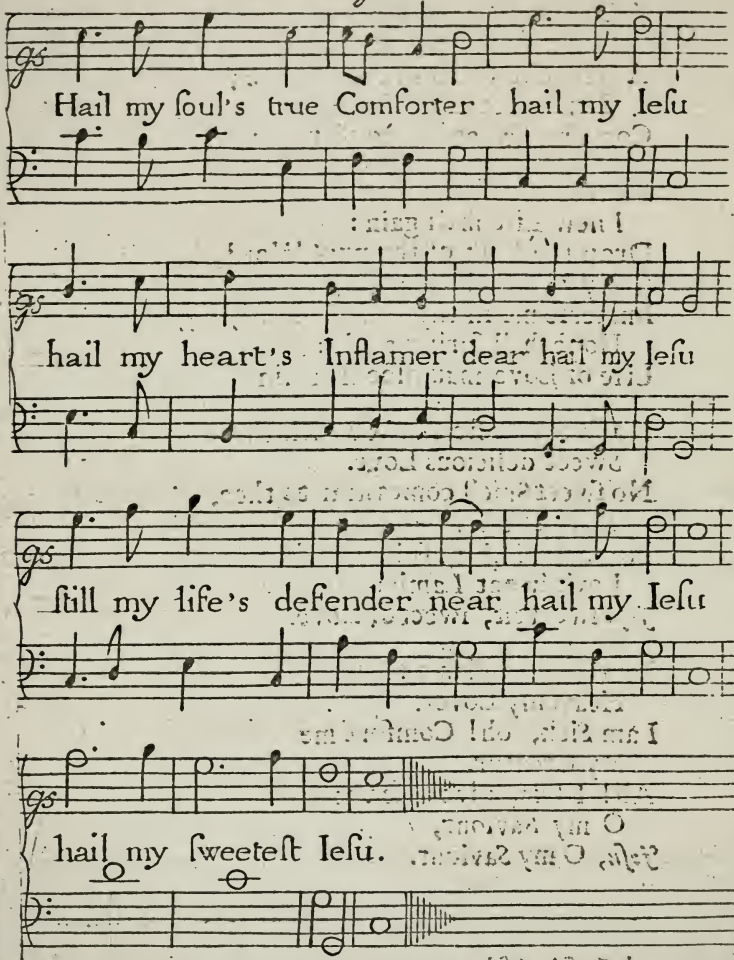
O what kind of Pain is this,
Which is ſweeteſt of all bliſs.
Oh! tis Pain intolerable!
Pleaſure yet Unutterable
Such are theſe bleſt Flames which come
To crown us with Loves-Martyrdom.
Happy, happy Soul that dies.
Thus Love's Living Sacrifice.

8.

O we cry we cannot bear
Love's hot Flames, which domineer
In our Souls, aud yet had we
Doom'd to Death far rather be,
Than to loſe thoſe Flames that come
To crown us with Loves Martyrdom.
O thrice happy Soul that dies
Love's Eternal Sacrifice.

A

Salve Cordis gaudium



2.

A Thousand times I think on thee.
Come sweet *Spouse* to me.
A Thousand times I wish for thee:
Come sweet Spouse to me.
A Thousand times I cry to thee;
Come sweet *Spouse* to me.
Come my sweetest *Spouse* to me.

3.

Heavenly Pastures me afford;
I new Life shall gain:
Drop the Milk of thy pure Word,
My Lips shall then be † fain.
Immerse me in thy Bowels Lord,
Hope shall spring again:
Life of Love shall bloom amain.

4.

No sweet Taste can Vie with thee,
Sweet delicious Love.
No sweet Smell comes near to thee,
Sweet Perfume of Love.
None for Mildness like to thee
Lov's sweet Lamb and Dove.
Jesu sweetest, sweet of Love.

5.

I am Cold, Inflame thou me
Heavenly Lover.
I am *Sick*, oh! Comfort me
My Creator.
Ah! I Die, give Life to me,
O my *Saviour*,
Jesu, O my *Saviour*.

† *Joyful.* Psal. 71. 21.

Hue and Cry after Peace.

To the Tune of, *Awake my Soul.*

1.

O Sacred Peace where art thou fled?
What Region hides thy drooping Head?
Fled from the Church, fled from the State,
Fled from the Poor, and from the Great.

2.

An Exile now from every Land,
Ev'n where thy Sovereign's Altars ſtand.
Fled from our Paſtimes and Delights:
Ev'n theſe but *Pall* our Appetites.

3.

Peace for the Wicked nere was known:
But ah! She's now from *Sion* flown.
Into the Deſerts driv'n, and Woods;
And there purſu'd by Dragon-Floods.

4.

O Prince of Peace, how canſt thou ſee
Thy Subjects Wreck and Miſery!
Ah! they're Rebellious grown, thou ſaiſt;
Have Open-War with Me Profeſt.

5.

By joint Conſent rejecting Peace,
They've ſent home my Ambaſſadreſs.
Love cannot dwell with Wrath, or Spite:
No Peace with God where Brethren Fight.

6.

Yet Courage thou, my *Sion* dear;
And bear of Preſent *Ills* thy Share.
Ev'n at the Worſt diſmiſs thy Fears,
For at the Worſt thy God appears.

7.

Thy ſuffering Lord obtain'd his *Birth*,
In Peace Proclaim'd throughout the Earth.
But th' *Manchild* of Triumphant Power
Shoots forth ev'n in the Darkneſs Hour:

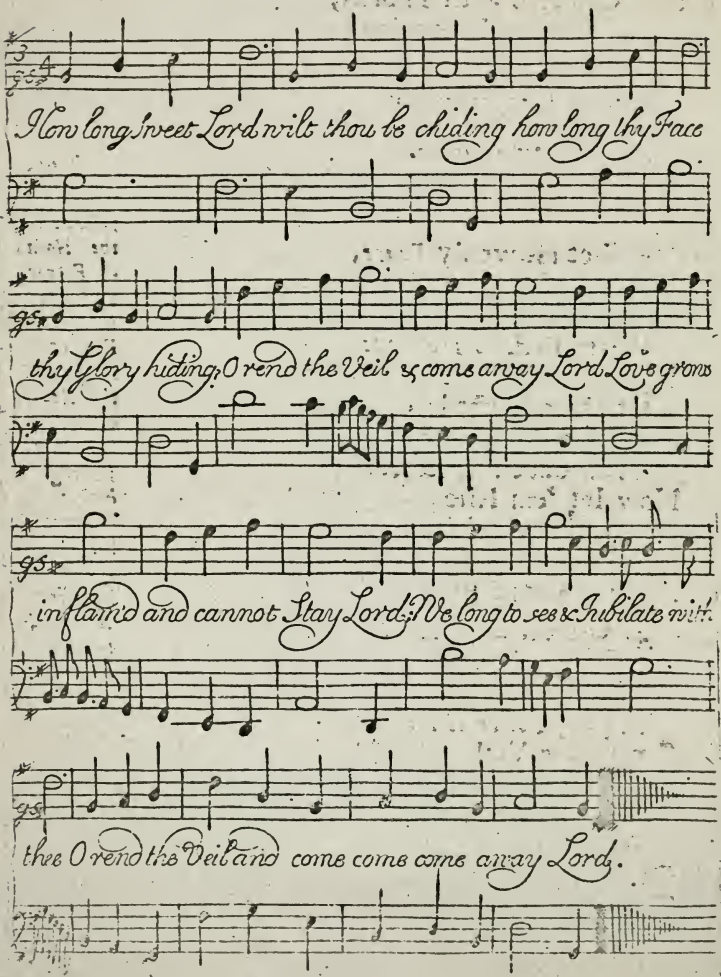
8.

He breaks the Clouds, and thunders thro'
The Storm, with Gales that ſtronger blow.
Soon *Awes the* Tempeſts with his Nod:
And quells his Foes with *Iron-Rod*.

9.

Then ſhall the Virgin Peace Return;
And Love in Flames *Seraphick* burn.
And jointly in All Hearts ſhall Reign;
As ev'ry where they now are Slain.

A breathing into the hiding-place of God's power.



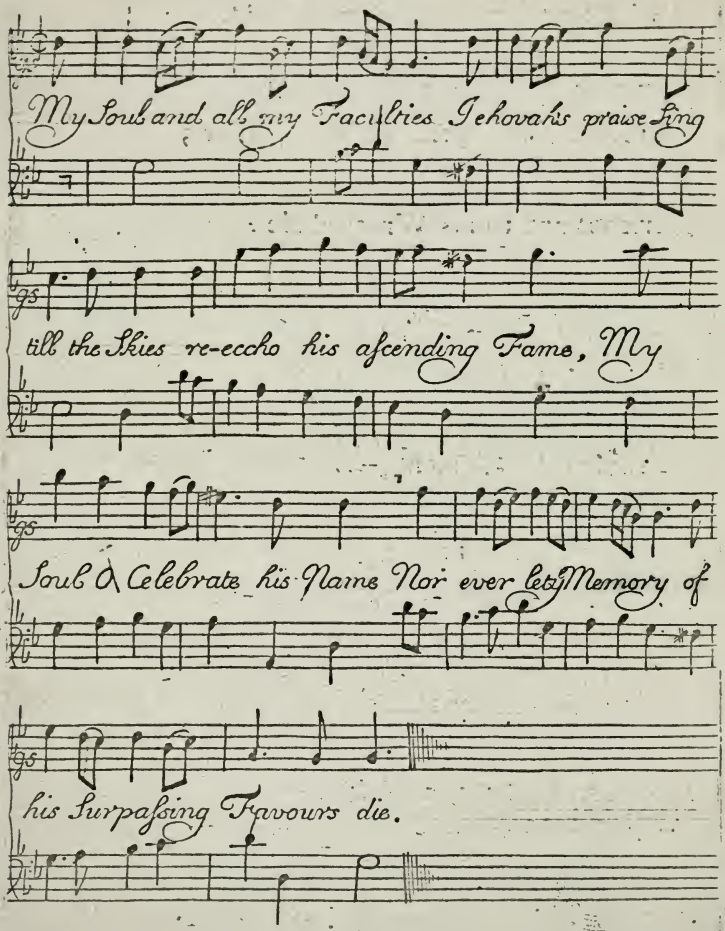
2. THy *Spouſe* Wounds
Bleed without Curing:
Her Patient Soul
Long, long enduring:
Still Crown'd with Thorns,
In Shame and Scorning;
Still Slain with thee
Till thy Returning.
Lift up thy *Horn*,
Thou mighty *Unicorn*.
(a) Puſh down thy Foes and *Spring*
The Glorious *Morning*.

3. Let Heavenly *Peace*,
Long Life and Pleaſures;
Let *Crowns* adorn'd
With *Wisdoms Treaſures*,
The Portion be
Of thine Elected;
Now Honour'd more
Than once Neglected.
Now let 'em Riſe
And enter *Paradiſe*,
By thy Great *Michael's*
Flaming Sword Protected.

4. O ſhow the Place
Of thy Abiding;
And where thy
Mighty *Power* is *Hiding*.
O rend the Veil
And come away Lord;
Love grows Inflam'd
And cannot ſtay Lord.
Come ſet us free
To *Jubilate* with thee.
O rend the Veil, and come,
Come, come away Lord.

(a) The two Effects as of the Horn of Power and the Horn or Ray of Light; the Hebrew Word importing both. Whence the Glory of Moſes Face is Repreſented as with Horns.

A Song of praise for divine Goodness.



2.

HE gently Pardons our Mis-deeds,
And Cures the Wound which inward bleeds.
Has from the Chains of Death unbound;
With Clemency and Mercy crown'd.
With Food our Hunger he subdues,
And Eagle-like our Youth renews.

3.

From him the Springs of Mercy flow;
Swift to Forgive, to Anger slow.
For he will not for ever chide,
Nor constant to his Wrath abide:
But mildly from it will relent,
And shorten our due Prnishment.

4.

His Justice he Extends to all:
Oppressors by his Vengeance fall.
But as the Heav'ns in amplitude
Exceed the Centre they include:
So ample is his Clemency
To all who on his Grace rely.

5.

As far as the bright Orient
Is distant from the Sun's Descent;
So far he sets from his Aspect
Their Guilt, who His just Laws affect.
Ev'n as a Father to his Child,
So soft, so quickly reconcil'd.

6.

For his sure Mercy shall Embrace
His Saints for ever, and their Race;
His Righteousness their Souls Up-rear,
Who Faithful in his Covenant are:
Who fear his Threats, who wait his Will,
And his Commands with Joy fulfill.

7. In

7.

In Heaven the Great JEHOVAH Reigns,
And Governs all that Earth contains.
You Angels who in Strength exceed,
Who him obey with winged speed;
You Order'd Hosts of Radiant Stars;
And you his flaming Ministers;

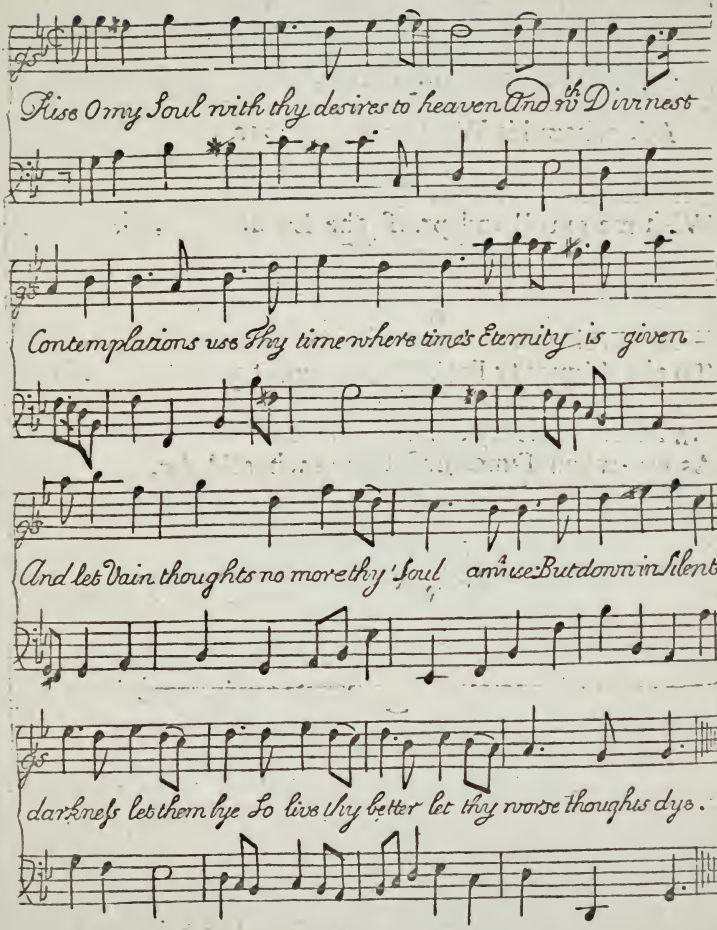
8.

All, whom his Wisdom did Create,
Thro' his large Empire, Celebrate
His Glorious Name with sweet accord:
With me extoll and praise the Lord.
Daily recount his Deeds of Fame;
And O my Soul do thou the same.

9.

Let Praise ascend to God above;
To the Almighty Father's Throne;
To our Redeemer God the Son,
And God the Holy Spirit of Love.
As was when Times first Hours wheel'd on,
And shall be when their Circle's done.

Surſum Corda.
An Aſpiration.



1.

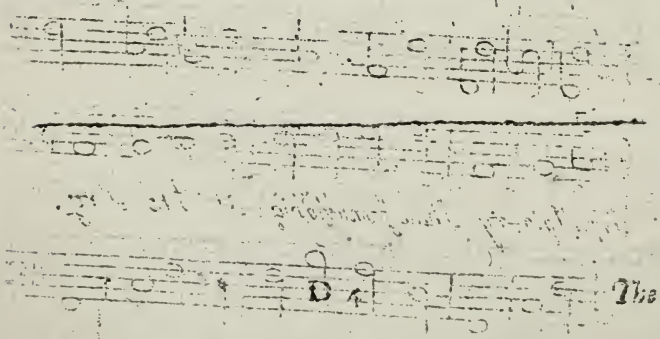
AND thou, my Soul, inſpir'd with Holy Flame,
View and Review with moſt regardful Eye
That Holy Croſs, whence thy Salvation came;
On which thy Saviour and thy Sin did Die:
For in that Sacred Object is much Pleaſure;
And in that Saviour is my Joy, my Treaſure.

3.

To thee, O *Jeſu*, I direct mine Eyes,
To thee my Hands, to thee my humble Knees;
To thee my Heart ſhall offer Sacrifice;
To thee my Thoughts, who all their Motions ſees.
To thee my Life, my Self and all I give;
To Sin I Die, to Thee alone I Live.

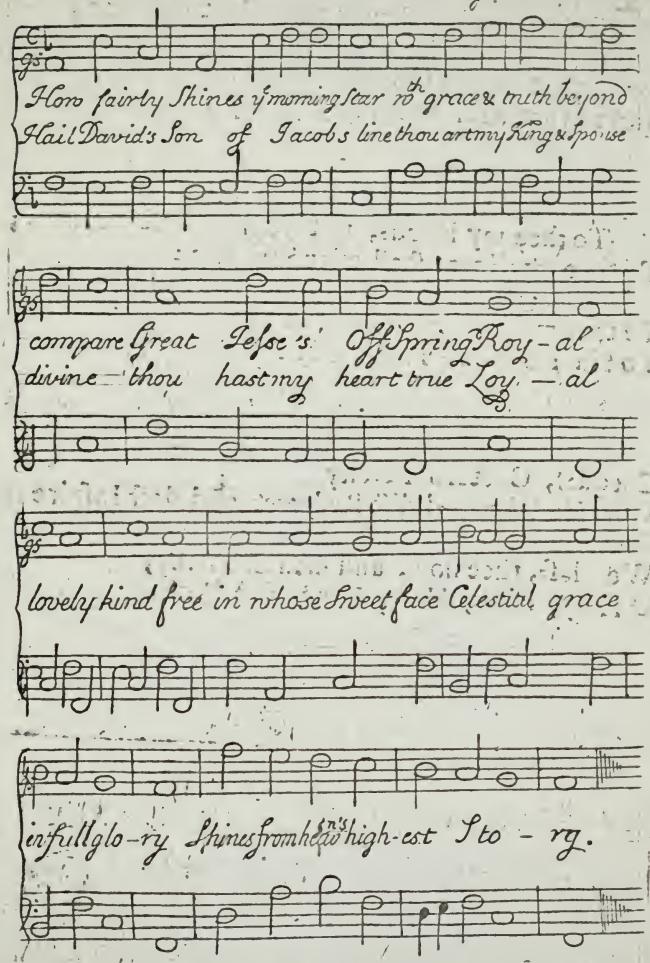
4.

O Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord moſt High,
Coequal, Coeternal Deity,
Who Mad'ſt us, did'ſt Redeem, and doſt Inſpire
Our tepid Souls with new Celeſtial Fire;
We Bleſs, thee now, and ſhall Eternally,
O Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord moſt High.



The Song of the Brids.

Wie Schon leuchtet der Morgenstern.



2.

AH! my sweet Pearl, my precious Crown,
God and the humble *Marys* Son,
Heaven's King, and Earths low-bowing.
My Heart calls thee its Lily true:
But thou art Rose and Lily too;
With Milk and Honey flowing.
Sweet Flood!
Rich Food!
Hosanna, this [Sing *Hosanna*]
True *Manna* is; [Heav'nly Manna]
Angels Feasting
Its Savour with us Resting.

3.

Thou *Ruby* fair, Bright *Jasper Stone*,
Deeply into my Heart pour down,
Thy burning Streams Anointed.
Thy Golden Sea, in Love's full Tide;
While I in full swoln Joys abide
Thy Spousal Rib fast joynted.
Heav'ns Rose,
Gracious,
I'm Sick and cry, [I am crying]
Heart wounded lie. [wounded lying]
Poor and lonely,
I can be help'd by Thee only.

---

† Or [Whose out-streaming Beauty beaming.]

What is here, and afterward (in this Song) included in Brackets, is accommodated to another way of Singing this Passage us'd among the Germans.

4. From

4.

From God comes on me a Glance of Joy,
While thou with thine All-charming Eye,
Most kindly me beholdest.
Lord *Jesu* dear, my precious Good,
Thy Word, thy Spirit, thy Body and Blood,
My Food thou here with-holdest.
Take me
To thee,
Into thy Arms, [Beauty charms me]
Whose Love so warms, [Love alarms me]
And me Blesses.
I come to thy Caresses.

5.

My Father, Hero of Might Divine,
Before all Worlds, in Grace Inclin'd,
Thou purpos'd to Refine me.
Thy Son to me Betroth'd has been;
My Royal Spouse, and I his Queen;
My Life of Heav'n within me.
Eja!
Eja!
'Tis Life of Heav'n, [All I wanted]
So freely giv'n, [Freely granted,]
And constantly.
My Soul Praise him incessantly.

6.

Force, force the Strings upon the Lyre,
And sound our Joys in full tun'd Quire;
With *Heav'ns* sweet Notes Inspiring.
While I with *Jesus*, wondrous fair,
My Sacred Bridegroom, Sweetest Dear,
Lye in Love Flames Expiring.

Joy

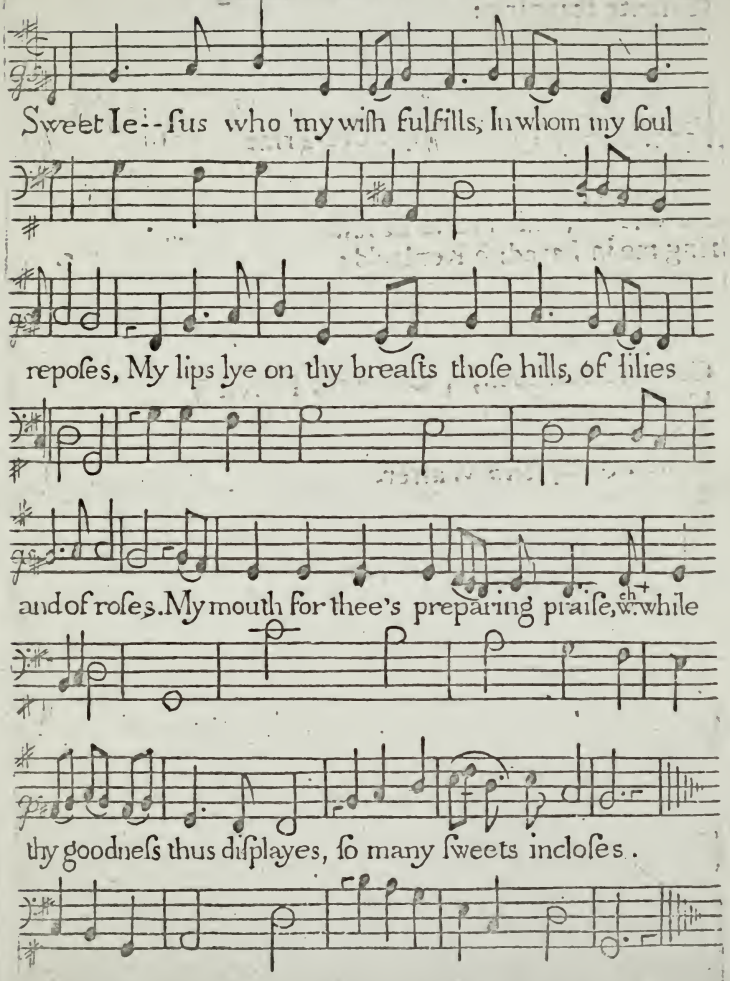
Joy, Spring,
Shout, Sing,
Triumphant Praise [In the Praises]
In Tuneful Layes, [Each one raises]
Tribute bringing:
The King of Glory Singing.

7.

How glad am I that my Love-Prize
The *Alpha* and *Omega* is,
First, Last, All comprehending.
I know *He*'ll to his Praise at last
Bring me in Paradise Replac'd;
And clap my *Hands* attending.
Amen!
Amen!
Come Fairest soon, [Come my Fairest]
My Joy, my Crown, [Come my Dearest]
Vindicate her
Who sits thy *Sion* Waiter.

Jesus All in All.

Mein hertzens Jesu meine Lust.



2.

MY *Heart* is ravish'd and for thee
In Flames of Love is burning.
It springs, it sings in *Jubile*
When ever thou'rt Returning.
As oft in Love it Kisses Darts.
To thee the *All* of Pious *Hearts*;
By Faith with thee Sojourning.

3.

Light of my Soul, in thy bright Rays
Alone I stand beholding,
Those Beauties, with uncover'd Face
Which quicken me Unfolding.
O take my *Heart*, and fill it quite,
My Glory, with thy Glory Bright;
Fast-lock'd for ever holding.

4.

Thy Self Lord art my *Way* to *Heav'n*,
The Key of the Creation
Who finds thee has his Pasport given
To Lifes Eternal Station.
Ah dearest *Saviour*, ne'er let me
Expect a *Heav'n* divest of thee,
Of Man's Imagination.

5.

Thou art the *Truth*, and that alone
My Intellectual Prize is.
Without thee Words and *Husks* are shown,
* Thou all Things *Realizes*.
O make my *Heart* entirely free
To be Devout alone to thee,
Where its true *Paradise* is.

---

† Or thus, *While thy Grace it self displays.*

* *Thou art the Substance of all the Shadows, here in Inferiour Nature: The Ground and Support of all Things.*

6. Thou

6.

Thou art my *Life*, its flowing Powers,
Thro' every Part dispersing;
Thy Spirit with its Vital Showers
Both Soul and Body pierciug.
So let me be all Life and Spirit,
My *Jesu*, allways thee Inherit;
No Power the Grant Reversing.

7.

Thou art my *Food*, and Heavenly Feast,
The Father's best Donation.
Which gives, when Hungry and Distrest,
Full Strength and Consolation,
Blest *Manna!* fraught with Life and Pow'r,
Let Husks which this Worlds *Swine* devour
Be ne'er my Delectation.

8.

Thou art my *Drink*, and Sacred Wine
Most pleasant to my Tasting.
Who Tasts must wish the Draught Divine
Of sweetness Everlasting.
Thou Well-spring of my panting Heart,
Thy Milk and Honied Streams impart,
Richly for my Repasting.

9.

Thou art the *Mode* wherein I Dress;
My Gem, and costly Tiring.
Who cloaths me with thy Righteousness,
The Silk to my Admiring.
Let me be from the Vanity
Of this Worlds pompous Gaudery,
As Rags of *Shame*, Retiring.

10.

Thou art my *Castle*, and my Fence;
Where safely I repose me.
No Enemy can drive me thence;
No Heat can discompose me.

Ah! *Sweetest Jesu*, here let me
Be still securely kept in thee;
And thy strong Arm inclose me.

11.

Thou art my *Shepherd* faithful, true,
To fruitful Pastures leading.
Thy Call of Grace my way did shew,
When far from thee residing.
Ah! now take Care of me thy Sheep,
That Satan's Pow'r, nor cunning Deep
May Bias my sure treading.

12.

Thou art my *Bridegroom* whose Love chain
Shall ever fast inclose me.
My true *High-priest*, and my *Lamb* slain;
The way to Life that shows me.
Thou art my *King*, that dost Reign o'er,
And save me by Almighty Power,
When Enemies oppose me.

13.

Thou art my true and dearest *Friend*,
Within my Heart abiding.
My *Brother* sweet, my *Mother* kind,
In Care for me providing.
Physician, and *Medecin*,
And watchful *Nurse*, that keeps me in,
And holds me up when sliding.

14.

Thou art my Valiant *Hero*,
In time of War's assailing.
In Fight my *Armour*, *Shield*, and *Bow*.
In Sorrow, *Joy* prevailing.
In Storms my *Ship*, and *Anchor* sure,
Compass, and Heavenly *Load-Stone* pure,
In Conduct never failing.

15. Thou

15.

Thou art my Light and Guiding *Star*
When Night and Shades surround me:
My *Wealth* in time of Pinching Care.
My *Hight*, when Deeps confound me.
In Bitterness my Honey sweet,
My *Roof*, and Shelter where I sit,
When Tempests fall around me.

16.

Thou art my lovely *Garden* where
I find sweet Calm and Pleasure.
Thou art my *Flower* most charming Fair;
My *Ornament* and *Treasure*.
My *Rose* i'th' Valley of the Cross,
Refreshing me when oft with Loss
Thorns interrupt my Leisure.

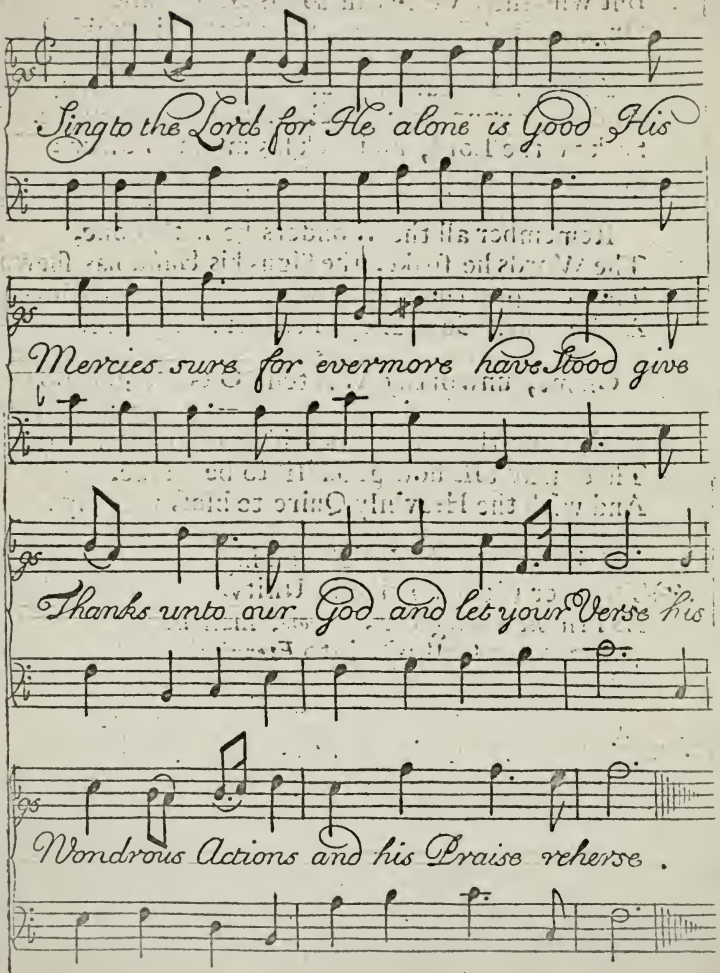
17.

Thou art my Comfort when distrest;
When freed me joyful making,
My daily Care in which I'm blest.
My *Thought* when I'm Awaking.
In Sleep my *Dream*, and sweet *Repose*;
The *Curtain* which I interpose
In Bed, the World forsaking.

18.

And to what else most Beautiful,
My Love, shall I compare thee.
I'll call thee my Desire in full;
And my *One-All* declare Thee.
For what I want thou art to me,
Oh! let my Heart then constantly
In Heavenly Flames Insphear Thee.

Jubilate.


Sing to the Lord for He alone is Good His
Mercies sure for evermore have stood give
Thanks unto our God and let your Verse his
Wondrous Actions and his Praise reherse.

2.

LET them give Life and Numbers to your Song,
And count the Glories, which to him belong.
But who their Verſe can to his Glory raiſe,
Or, as his Acts deſerve, ſhew forth his Praiſe?

3.

All ye who fear his Name, in That rejoyce,
And ſhew your Heart is cheerful by your Voice.
Seek ye the Lord, and ſeek his mighty Power;
And never till you ſee his Face give o'er.

4.

Remember all the Wonders he hath done,
The Words he ſpake, the Signs his Hand has ſhewn.
Thrice happy they, who his Commandments love,
And by their Conſtancy their Service prove.

5.

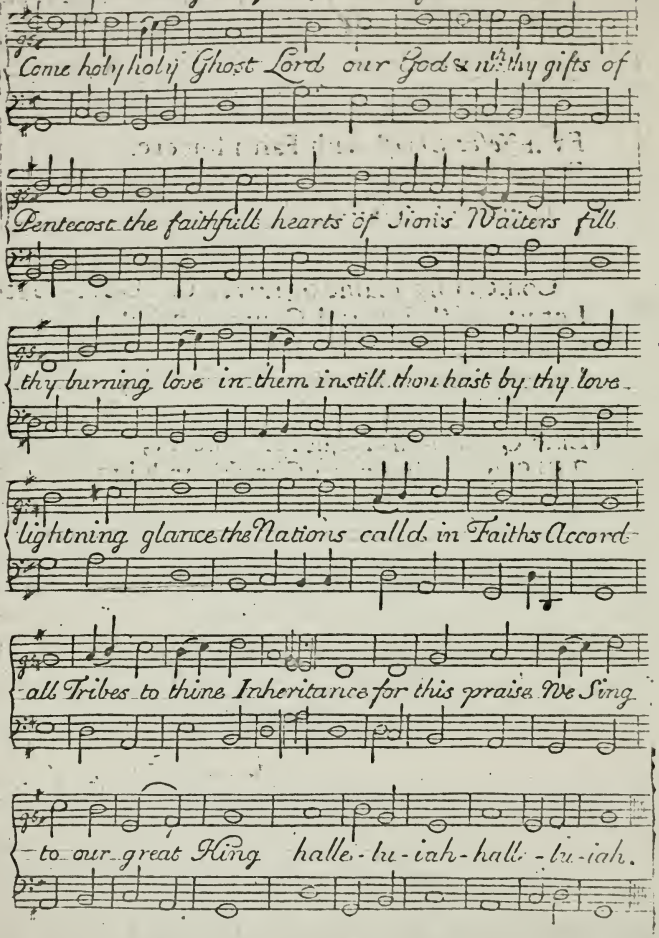
On me, unworthy Wretch, O God, look down,
And grant thoſe Favours which thou ſhew'ſt thine Own;
That I may taſt how good 'tis to be Thine,
And with the Heav'nly Quire to bleſs thee joyn.

6.

All Glory to the Majeſty on high,
The ever Bleſſed Trine in Unity.
As i'th' *Beginning* was, is *now*, ſhall be
When Time ſhall paſs into *Eternity*.

A Pentecostal Hymn.

Kom Heiliger Geist Herre Gott.



2.

HAil Holy, Holy Light! Diamond Rock,
Of sparkling Truths, shine on thy Flock.
Thou, God *in* * *Love* to know the Grace imparts:
To call Him *Abba* in our Hearts.
From Doctrines Strange, O keep us clear;
Let us our own true *Master* hear:
Ev'n *Jesus Christ* with Faith sincere.
Ever Confiding, in Him our King
Hallelujah, Hallelujah.

3.

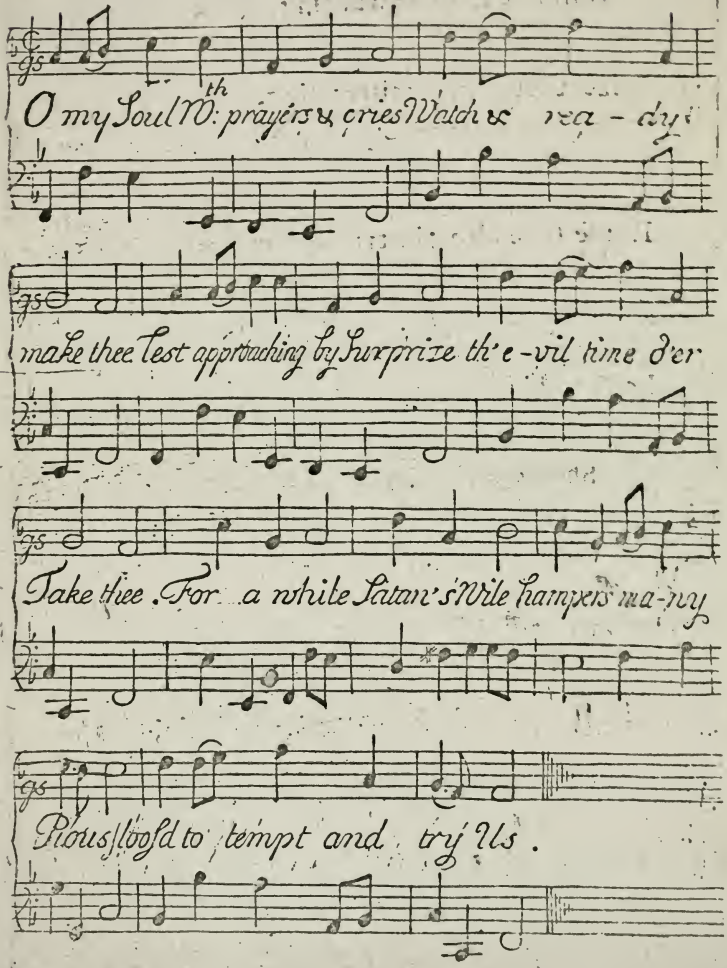
Come Holy Flame of Love, our Dove-*Mate*,
Let us, with Joy and Courage great,
Constant for thee in Holy Warfare stand;
Let no Temptation Countermand;
And still with Power inspir'd from Thee,
Like Champions Fight for Liberty,
Till Sabbatizing with Christ our King,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah.

---

* *In the Adopted State of Sons, and not of Servants* Rom. 8 14, &c.

Spi

Mache dich mine Geist bereit.



2.

First take care thy self to rouse
From Sin's Sleep enchanting;
Torments great such heavy Brows
Will not long be wanting.
Least mishaps
And Death traps
Seize thee time mispending,
Unawares Offending.

3.

Wake for *Jesus* otherwise
Cannot thee Enlighten.
Rouse thee e're the true Light flies
Which thy Lamp should brighten.
Grant he will
Graces still;
But bids us that have them
Look to him that gave them.

4.

Watchful be lest Satan's Craft
Should surprise thee sleeping.
Since his Darts more swift than shaft
Fly the Winds out stripping.
God let's all
Such Saints fall,
Into woes and weeping,
Who are guardless sleeping.

5.

Lest the World should thee constrain,
Watch with fear and trembling;
Lest she to herself regain
Thee by her dissembling.
Strict Watch set;
And ne'er let
Treach'rous Conversation
Int' Association.

6.

Also watch thy self within,
Flesh and Spirit ever;
Lest thro' Carelesness and Sin
God withdraw his Favour.
Mortal Dust's
Full of Lusts,
Of it self short sighted,
In its Pride delighted.

7.

But upon thy Watch Tow'r pray
Taking no denyals,
That the Lord would take away
Sins which cause thy Tryals.
Which depress
And distress,
And so sleepy make thee,
That Death may o'er take thee.

8.

God will humbly be ador'd
E'er he does Relieve us.
With our Cries he'll be implor'd,
That he may retreive us.
Evermore
By his Pow'r
Conquer Sin and Evil,
World, and Flesh, and Devil.

9.

All things must however turn
To the best and ease us;
If to him we pray and mourn
Thro' his dear Son *Jesus*;
For ye know
He'll bestow
On us Grace exceeding,
Thro' Christ's Interceding.

10.

Still let's watch, and cry, and pray,
And with haſt prepare us;
Elſe the Evil Time and Day
Quickly will enſnare us.
God's Juſt Doom
Is e'en come
To try ev'ry Creature;
And Diſſolve all Nature

The Complaint: Or, *A Meditation for Noon.*

To the Tune of, *Awake my Soul.*

1.

TEmptations Lord beſet me round;
No Place of *Safety* can be found:
I ſhall a wretched Prey be made
To ev'ry Luſt without thy Aid.

2.

Tempted to Vanity by Dreſs;
By Meat and Drink unto Exceſs.
Want *Anxious* makes; *Highminded* Wealth;
Diſeaſe *Impatient*, *Wanton* Health.

3.

My faithful Friends, whom moſt I Love,
The worſt of Thieves too often prove;
Whilſt I'm by them of *Time* depriv'd;
Of *Time*, which ne'er can be retriev'd.

4.

And O yet worſe, I'm rare at Reſt
From Wars and Conflicts in my Breaſt.
Paſſion my Reaſon doth Invade;
Reaſon my Faith doth Captive lead.

5.

The Good I would I oft omit;
The Ill I would not I commit.
What in the Spirit I begin
The Fleſh conſtrains to end in Sin.

6.

After my Waſhing I am Stain'd;
After my Conqueſts I am Maim'd;
After Repentance Fall again;
When Life's renew'd by Sin I'm ſlain.

7.

Soon my Devotion flags and tires,
But rarely ſenſual Joy expires.
My Vows I break; to Sin I'm bent,
Tho' checkt with fear of Puniſhment.

8.

Ill Thoughts within my Boſom dwell;
The Tongue's oft ſet on Fire of Hell:
Seated between my Brain and Heart
Both unto it ill Words impart.

9.

In this ſad plight where ſhall I go?
There's none but God can eaſe my Woe.
His Spirit alone can guide my way;
Without Him I ſhall ever ſtray.

10.

Lord, Pardon will do little good;
Or ev'n thy Son's Balſamick Blood;
Unleſs thy Spirit ſet me free
From Sins dark Power and Slavery.

11.

Therefore make good thy Promiſe Lord;
Thy Powerful Aid to me afford:
That no Preſumptuous Sin may Reign,
Or ought my Innocency ſtain.

12.

My Appetites my Eye and Ear,
My Paſſions anger, Hope and Fear,

O let me watch continually,
And check ev'n Lawful Liberty.

13.

Our Love, our Hope, our Faith, our Fear,
The moſt degenerate Vices are,
On Creatures plac'd, but on God ſet
His Image in us they beget.

14.

O let my Tongue be always barr'd
By Teeth and Lips that double Guard:
My Words with *Edge* and *Softneſs* move;
With pointed Truth, Foreclos'd by Love.

15.

May my chief ſtudy and delight
Be in God's Word both Day and Night.
Then from my God I nere ſhall ſwerve;
Him ever Love, Him ever Serve.

16.

When his Bleſt Will's my daily Food,
My daily Buſineſs doing Good,
Bleſt ſhall I be whilſt I have Breath,
And Endleſs Happy after Death.

A Midnight Hymn.

To the Tune of, *Awake my Soul.*

1.

THY Servants Lord did not of Old
Their Hands within their Boſom fold.
One did all Night with thee Contend;
Nor would his happy Wreſtling end;

2.

Till he Omnipotence had Orecome,
And brought from Heav'n a Bleſſing down:
Th' Heroic Strength his God did raiſe;
Yet for the Vict'ry gave him praiſe.

3. And

3.

And tho' oppreſt with Cares of State,
Cares which on Courts and Camps do wait,
King *David* would at Midnight riſe
To pay his grateful Sacrifice.

4.

When e'er he wak'd in dead of Night
His thoughts of God made Noon-Day-Light.
I'th' Night he made his Turtle-moans;
I'th' Night he ſent his Cries and Groans.

5.

A ſtrict Account with God he kept,
And for his Sins at Midnight wept.
Reflecting on his Youthful ways,
Whole Nights he wept and weary Days.

6.

Whole Nights his Bed did ſwim in Tears,
His Soul perplext with reſtleſs Fears;
Till Pard'ning Grace thoſe Fears adjourn'd;
Thoſe Tears to ſprightly Glances turn'd.

7.

Till God his Heart from *Sions* Hill
With Joy, his Mouth with Praiſe did fill.
His Pains and Grief now *dormant* found;
His Reſt with ſweet Enjoyment crown'd.

8.

Silas and *Paul* Impriſon'd were,
Condemn'd a triple Bond to wear.
In the Jayls Dungeon they were laid;
Faſt in the Stocks their Feet were made.

9.

With ſtripes their Limbs ran down in Gore:
With matchleſs Patience all they bore.
Such Holy Inmates making there
A Den of Thieves a *Houſe of Pray'r.*

10.

Their Souls could not be Priſ'ners made;
The Iron there no entrance had.

In that Confinement they did Sing
Praises to the Immortal King.

11.

Then did the Pris'n's Foundation shake;
The Jaylor too with fear did quake.
The Chains were broke, the Doors unbarr'd,
When God's true *Israels* Voice was heard.

12.

The Christian's Zeal here did not end,
To After-Times it did descend.
At Midnight they would wake from sleep;
Christ's Spirit with them the Watch did keep.

13.

The Throne of Grace they did Besiege,
By th' Eucharist themselves oblige
Their Word to keep, the Truth to speak,
And ne'er their Masters Laws to break.

14.

Nay some so Bold and Fervent were,
They with Solemnity did Swear,
They would not from their Knees arise,
Till God had heard their Pray'rs and Cries.

15.

Their Zeal so glowing and devout
Like th' *Altar Fire* it ne'er went out.
But O my Coldness and my Sloth
To God's pure Worship and his Truth!

16.

I might with *Canaans* Grapes be fed,
With Heav'nly *Manna* for my Bread:
Yet Husks I feed on Day by Day;
And seldom is God's Word my Stay.

17.

How shall I Lord, thy Pardon crave,
Who on my Self no Mercy have?
How shall I taste of Heav'ns Delight
Who with the Swine have Appetite?

18.

O may I know and ne'er forget,
While here I'm by the World beſet,
Earths Comforts will, like *Haman*'s Feaſt,
Attended be by Death at laſt.

19.

Unleſs God's Laws a Reliſh give,
While I in Peace and Plenty Live,
More true and laſting to my Mind,
Than Worldlings in their *Mammon* find.

20.

Since then ſo much is paſt oth' Night,
And Day approaches with its Light;
May I the Deeds of Darkneſs ſhun;
The Armature of Light put on.

21.

The Breaſt-plate firm of Faith and Love;
And Hope, the Helmet from above.
Teach me thy Spirits Sword to wield;
And Shod with Peace to keep the Field.

22.

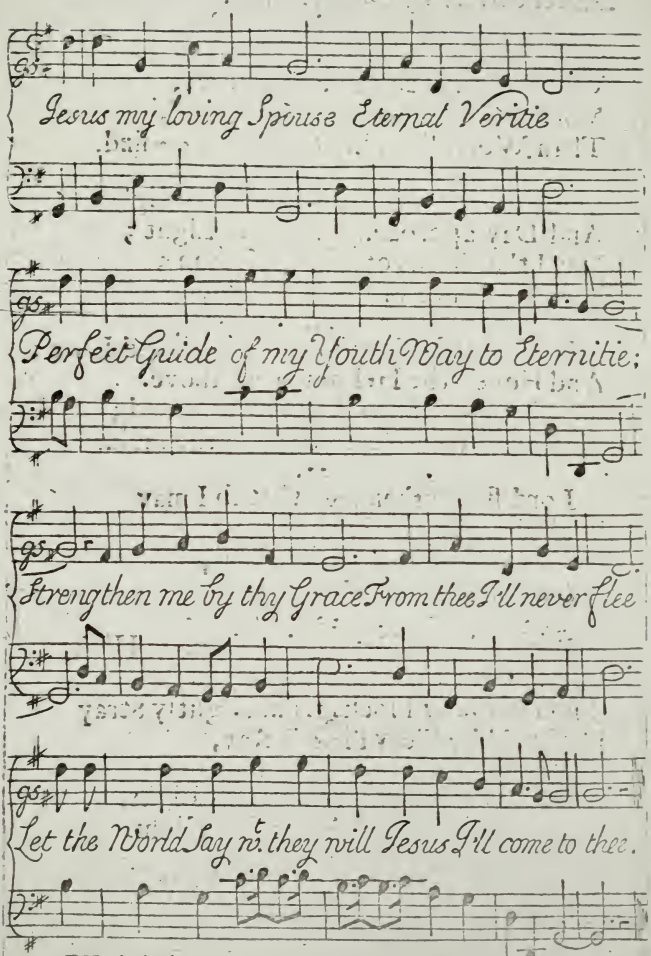
Lord ſtrengthen me, that ſo I may
Walk honeſtly as in the Day:
Not in Strife, Envy, or Exceſs,
In Chambering or Wantonneſs.

23.

But with the Day-ſpring from on High,
In Gracious Viſits Lord, draw nigh.
Thou who thy Flocks from Nightly Stray
Preſerv'd by Fiery Pillar's Ray,

24.

Repleniſh me with Wiſdoms Light,
Clear ſhining thro' Afflictions Night.
Thy Preſence is Eternal Day:
To th' Heav'nly *Canaan* guide my Way.


Jesus my loving Spouse Eternal Veritie
Perfect Guide of my Youth Way to Eternitie;
Strengthen me by thy Grace From thee I'll never flee
Let the World Say nt. they will Jesus I'll come to thee.
FH Sculpsit

2.

POor Men seek after Wealth,
Bondmen seek Liberty.
The Sick cry out for Health,
All seek Prosperity.
Nothing seek I but Christ;
He alone pleaseth me.
Let the World say what they will
Jesus my Choice shall be.

3.

Fond Lovers long full sore
Their Mistress Eyes to see.
Discarded Courtiers crave
In Princes Grace to be.
No want, no woe feel I
If I Enjoy but thee.
Thou only art, and shalt
My only Comfort be.

4.

Some weary out themselves
In ways of Vanity.
Some follow painted Flies
Thro' Fields of Misery.
Some in the Mouths of Men
Place their Felicity.
Such trifles I contemn
Jesus for Love of thee.

5.

Some sail thro' surging Seas
In daily Jeopardy;
Hazarding Life and Limbs
To be Enrich'd thereby.
Some toil at home therefore.
I by possessing thee
Have all they have and more,
Come *Jesus* then to me.

6.

All that Heart can conceive,
Ear can hear, Eye can see,
All and more I possess,
Sweet *Jesus* Christ, by thee.
Heav'n Earth, and all therein,
Life, Limbs thou gavest me.
Have I not cause to sing
Jesus I thine will be?

7.

Tho' the World tempt me sore,
And the Flesh trouble me;
The Devil would me devour,
My Refuge is to thee.
Tho' Heav'n and Earth should fail,
And all perplexed be;
Thou art, and ever shalt
My Joy and Comfort be.

8.

What can this wretched World
Replete with misery,
Yield to delight my Soul,
Made for Eternity.
All is vain, all is frail,
Compared unto thee.
All Earthly Pleasures fail:
Thou liv'st Eternally.

9.

Thou art, my Saviour sweet,
Life and Food unto me.
A Medecin most meet,
For each Infirmity.
To my taste Honey sweet;
To my Ear melody;
Perfect Guide to my Feet;
To my Heart Jubile.

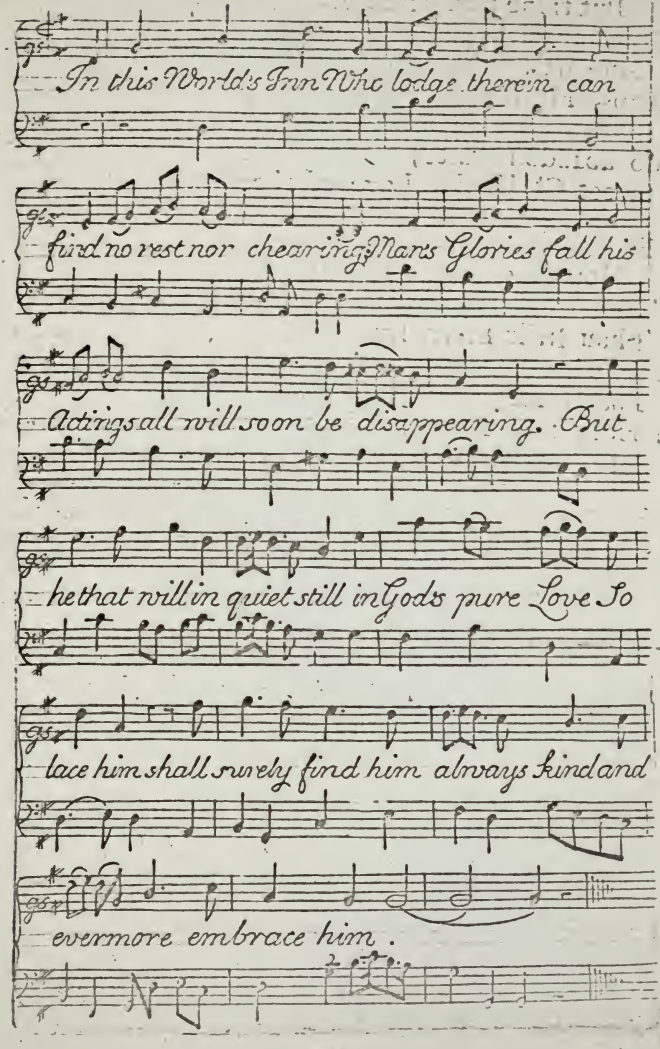
10.

Not my Will, Saviour sweet,
But thine performed be.
All things I count as Dung
Compared unto thee.
Pomps, Pleasures, and Delights,
(That I may worthy be,)
I do abandon quite,
Sweet Christ for Love of thee.

11.

For thee my Soul was made,
Nought else contenteth me.
All Earthly Pleasures fade;
Thou liv'st Eternally.
Strengthen me by thy Grace
That I may worthy be
In Heav'n to see thy Face,
And burn in Love with thee.

A breathing after the Sabbath of Rest.



1.

EAch Day on Wings Vexation brings,
And certain Cares abounding;
Yet shall not this disturb our Bliss,
With restless Thoughts confounding.
God's Promise true is ever new
To Hearts in him Confiding;
His Heav'nly Grace, in ev'ry Case,
Advice and Aid providing.

3.

Contentedness with Godliness
Is Gain that best may please us,
The rest shall be all added free,
If we Possess but *Jesus*.
Then rich we are; like Angels fair;
And tho' we here are Dying,
Yet God in all, and after shall
With Comforts be supplying.

4.

Ah! God let me burn ardently
In thy sweet Love for ever.
And Succour send when th' Evil Fiend
Me from my Rest would sever.
I'd own thy Truth with Heart and Mouth,
Before thy Scepter falling:
Thy Spirit in me, of Liberty,
Thee *Abba* Father calling.

5.

O fix thou me from self set free,
In thee my Habitation.
With Christ thy Son my Head made one,
In blest Incorporation.
When shall I *Rest* from Acts unblest,
And only work thy Pleasure;
Where all is done by thee alone
In Number, Weight and Measure?

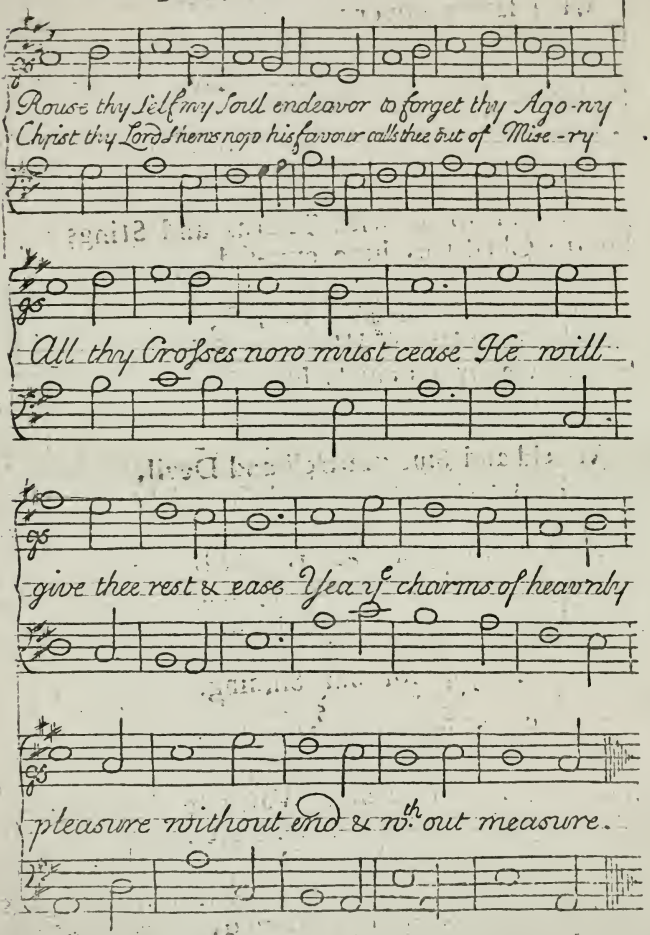
6.

VVe wait the dear *Sabbatick* Year
Of Grace and Judgment Greeting:
All Enemies made now thy Prize,
And at thy Feet submitting.
VVhen ev'ry *King* shall Tribute bring,
Their Rights to *Thee* Revolving;
And ev'ry Crown be Molten down,
In thy pure Love dissolving.

7.

O *Sions* Rock, save thy poor Flock;
Thy faithful Word remember,
Confirm the Hands, and break the Bands
Of each distressed Member.
Thy Will be known, thy *Horn* be blown
For Joy and *Jubilating*:
All Nations round in Peace be found,
Thy *Sabbath* Celebrating.

Frei dich sehr O meine Seele.



2.

DAY and Night was I complaining
Of my trouble, Lord, to thee;
I long'd allways for th' obtaining
Of a safe Delivery.
Travellers would have their way
To their End without delay.
So have I been oft desiring
That my Lifetime were Expiring.

3.

For as Roses are inclosed
Round about with Thorns and Stings;
So are Christians here exposed
To a World of Sufferings.
As the Sea is us'd to rise,
In tumultuous Waves and Noise;
So are we by mischiefs hurry'd,
Up and down, till we are bury'd.

4.

World and Sin, yea Hell and Devil,
Joyn with our own Flesh and Blood,
To afflict the Soul with Evil,
And destroy all that is good.
Cares and Crosses every Day
Take our Pleasure here away.
Doleful is our Life's Beginning;
Woful always, for our Sinning.

5.

The Sun rising every Morning,
Every Evening the Sun set,
Seems to give us a new Warning
Of mischievous Snares and Net.
Thus we spend our Days and Nights,
Throng'd with sighs, and har'd with frights;
Work and Slave to be maintain'd,
Eat with Tears, what we have gain'd.

There-

6.

Therefore come, O Lord, and haſten,
Chriſt, Eternal Morning-ſtar,
Shew me, whereupon to faſten;
My Redemer be not far.
O aſſiſt me, that I may
Die with Peace and Joy this Day.
Thou art able to Enlighten
Darkneſs, wherewith Death would frighten.

The Gate of Paradiſe.

Dic quibus in Terris, & eris mihi Magnus Apollo,
Tres pateat Cæli Spatium non amplius Ulnas?

Virgil. In *Engliſh* thus.

Say, and thou'rt my *Apollo*, in what Land
Is Heav'ns wide Space in *Cubits Three* contain'd?

The Solution. To the Tune of, *Sing to the Lord.*

1.

HOW long, vain Main, doſt thou ſo eagre fly,
To meet thy God *Without*, beyond the Sky?
Outward is ſtill but *Matters* Region Dark.
He's ev'ry-where; but ſtill *Within* the Bark.

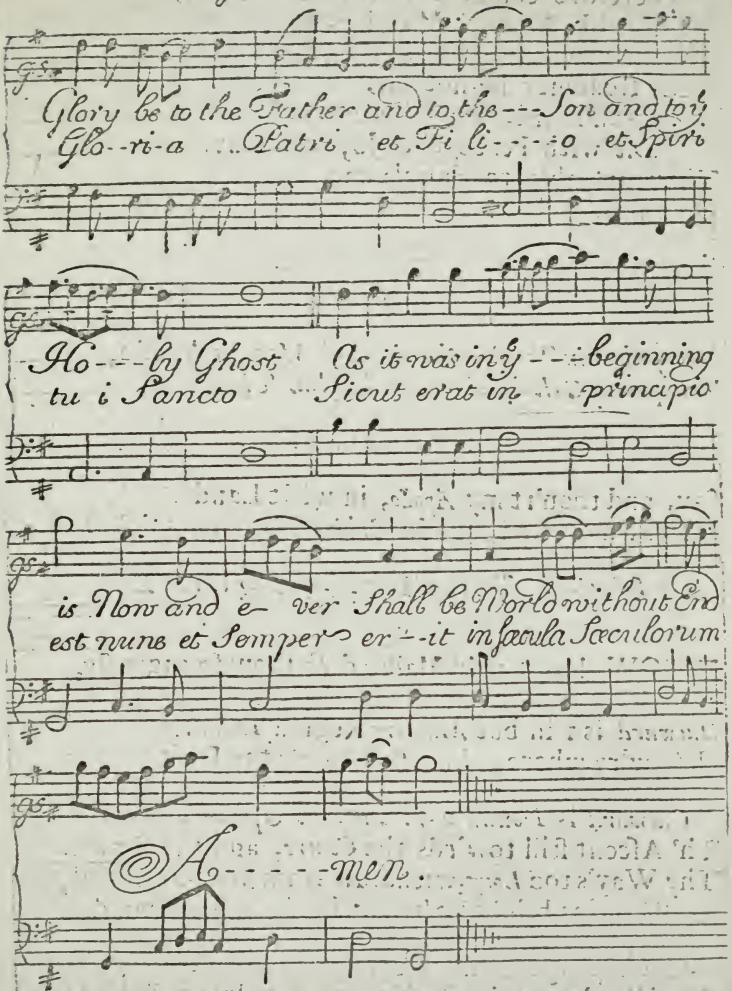
2.

Outward is *Downward*: *Inward Is Upwards* known:
Th' Aſcent ſtill tow'rds the *Centre*, and the Crown.
Thy Way's too *Long*, withdraw from Matters Bound,
And Heav'ns bright Orbs may in thy *Self* be found.

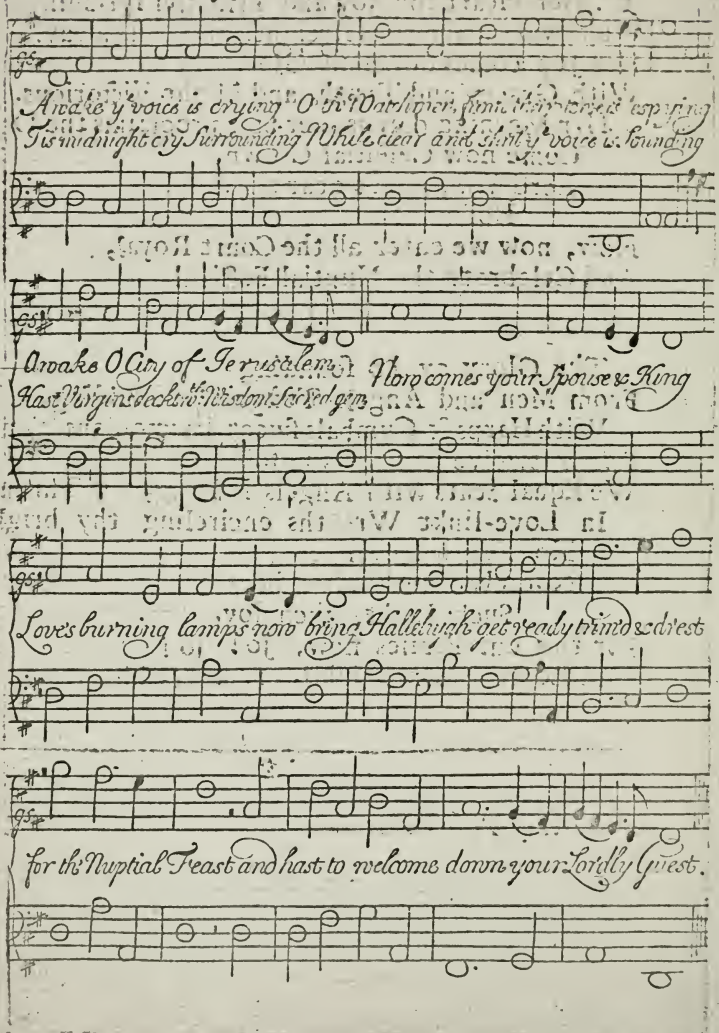
3.

God's proper *Place* Region of *Spirit* is.
Mind Borders on it. Seek'ſt thou Realms of Bliſs?
Retire then, Recollect, Break thro', Ariſe.
In thy own Soul's the *Gate of PARADISE.*

Gloria Patri.



Watht auff! nifft tuns die Stimme &c.



2.

FAir *Sions Watch* are Singing,
Her Heart for Joy and Triumph ſpringing.
She wakes, ſhe riſes ſtreight, and haſts away.
Her Joy comes down all Glorious;
With Grace, and Truth, and Might Victorious.
Her Morning dawns, her Star proclaims the Day.
Come now Celeſtial Crown,
Lord *Jeſu*, God's dear Son.
Hoſanna!
Now, now we enter all the Court Royal,
And Celebrate the Nuptial Feſtival.

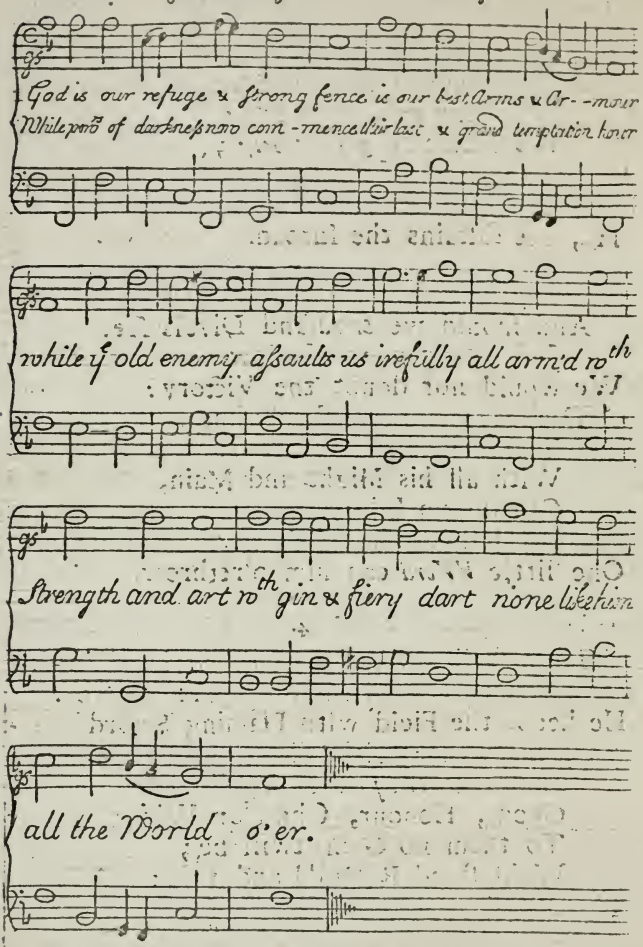
3.

Thy Glory ay be ſounding
From Men and Angels Tongues reſounding,
With Harps & Cymbals ſweet harmonious Tone,
Salems twelve † Pearls unfolding;
We Equal Seats with Angels holding, (Throne.
In Love-linkt Wreaths encircling thy bright
No Eye has ever ſeen,
Nor ever heard has been,
Such Light, ſuch Joy.
For this our Praiſes flow, Jo! Jo!
And Loves Eternal Jubil-Trumpets blow.

† *Gates of Pearl.* Rev. 21. 21.

Luther Hymn on his way to Worms.

Eine feste burg ist unser Gott.



2.

NOught here avails our Strength or Deed;
We presently must be destroy'd.
But for us fights a Man indeed;
A Champion bold, th' *Elect* of God.
Does any ask, who is't?
His Name is *Jesus Christ*;
The Lord of Hosts Divine:
We'll to none else incline.
He, He sustains the Inroad.

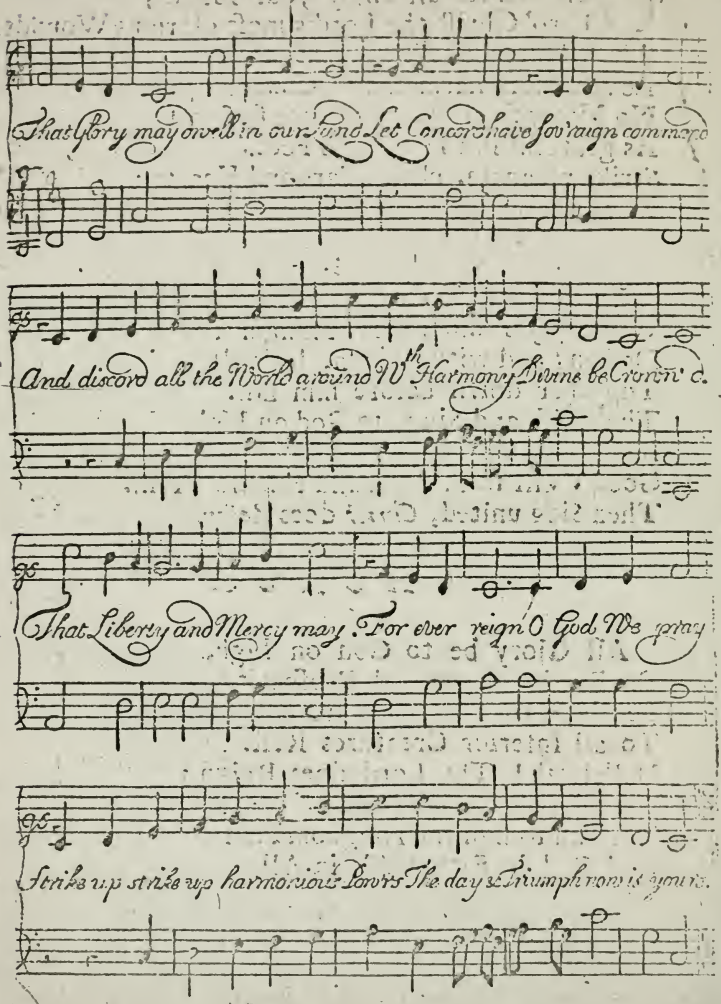
7.

And should we thousand Divels see,
Just ready us to Swallow,
We would not doubt the Victory:
The Day is ours we surely know
The Prince of this World vain,
With all his Might and Main,
Can do no Injury.
For Judg'd himself is he.
One little *Word* can him o'rethrow.

4.

They shall not shake God's Stable Word.
And this we shall not thank 'em for.
He keeps the Field with Flaming Sword
Of his own Spirit's Victorious Power:
And tho' they Rob of Life,
Goods, Honour, Child or Wife;
To them no Gain 'twill be;
We'll stand Resign'd and free:
The *Kingdom's* left still *at the Door*.

Triumphant Harmony. by [illegible]



2.

OUR Senſes all enjoy your ſounds,
Thro' Chriſt the Lord's moſt glorious Wounds.
Their Number's Five, and Muſick's Five
Love's moſt harmonious Concord give.
No Notes ſo clear, nor Voice ſo ſweet
As grateful Praiſe at *Jeſus* Feet.
Strike up again, charm Ears and Hearts;
The Spheres and Heav'ns will bear their Parts.

3.

Ye Heav'nly Hoſts, that Sung on High
When *Jeſus* did in th' Manger lie,
Deſcend and with us joyn, let's all
Together down before him fall.
Then Riſe and Sing, to God on high,
Be Glory Peace on Earth; and cry,
Good W[illegible] to th' Male and Female Train.
Then Sing united, *Chriſt* does *Reign*.

8 0060

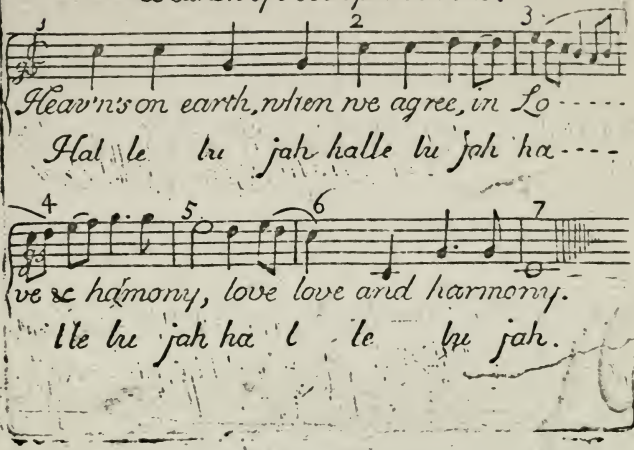
CHORUS.

All Glory be to God on high,
On Earth, Peace and Proſperity.
Be thoſe that bear his Image Bleſt.
To all Inferior Creatures Reſt.
Hallelujah! The Lord does Reign;
All things are now Reſtor'd again.
The Son Reſign the Kingdom ſhall:
And God be Father All in All.

FINIS.

The Union Hymn.

A Canon of Seven parts in one.



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